JOHN BULL, week ending July 4, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1881

3D EVERY THURSDAY

REMEMBER IT'S A WORLD WAR By A.G.G.

GUINEAS FOR FORCES LETTERS

LET'S GET ON WITH IT! by the EDITOR

A GLASS OF GUINNESS IS A CHEERFUL SIGHT

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.1106.0

Aspiration

'Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits'. . . Raleigh quickly learned the truth of it.

Early we find him burnishing his rapier mind in thrust and parry with Shakespeare, Bacon, rare Ben Jonson, and the greatest of his age, broadening his judgment a hundred fold, adding wisdom to decision.

So the perfecting of the Raleigh Cycle has meant unending effort to go one better than the previous best, turning to new advantage Sir Walter's age-old example.

Raleigh Cycles are rationed. Register your order with your dealer, but try to carry on with your old machine. Leave the few bicycles for war workers.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., LENTON, NOTTINGHAM

Do your teeth pass the "TONGUE TEST"?

Do you feel a filmy coating when you run the tip of your tongue over your teeth? If you do, you need Irium—the new super-cleanser used in Pepsodent. The Irium in Pepsodent flushes film away and keeps it away by polishing teeth so shiny-smooth that film slides off. Change to Pepsodent today and see the brilliant change that comes over your teeth when dingy, stain-collecting film disappears for good.

7½d. 1/3 2/2 Inc. Tax

Take old tubes back to the shop.

PEPSODENT

219-q-3

Right from the Start...

British wines like the most illustrious *Chateau This* or the dustiest *Maison That* come from the same antecedents—they begin with the juice of the grape.

There's no mystery about British wines. Because grape juice is difficult to transport in bulk without fermentation it is concentrated before shipment and restored to its natural condition on arrival. In this way its native character is retained. From there on the process of producing, maturing and bottling goes on in this country in accordance with time-honoured method. Needless to say supplies are necessarily pretty severely curtailed since limited shipping space must also meet other heavy demands just now.

British wines made from finest Empire grapes have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey since the early days of the century. The British wines bottled by VINE PRODUCTS *include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY, all at 5/6 a bottle.*

BEAUTY *answers the call*

Digging for Victory and using Palmolive keeps that

Schoolgirl Complexion

It's grand to see the things you've tended "doing better" each day. And you'll be thrilled to see your *skin* growing lovelier all over after each bath with Palmolive. For, made with Nature's best beautifier,—olive oil—Palmolive's rich, velvety lather cleanses, soothes and beautifies your skin—keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

PALMOLIVE

3½d. *Including Tax*

Sorry Madam!
We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

"Palm" Toffee

Control Price 5D PER QUARTER

DELIGHTS · STRENGTHENS · SUSTAINS

*

ONE must do – the work of TWO

* **A WAR-TIME NECESSITY**

The Government order that the supply of all Floor and Furniture Polish must be reduced by half means that every tin of Mansion Polish must last twice as long. So use sparingly and less frequently.

MP/PM/ *Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.*

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 4, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

TOO SLOW

● Exasperating reports continue of the delay in allocating those most vital instruments of war production—machine tools.

One firm made arrangements for another firm to take over some machine tools required for use on the following day.

At the last moment it was discovered that an official licence had not been obtained for the transfer.

Three weeks elapsed before the official sanction could be secured.

A firm reconditioning worn machine tools must return daily forms showing the progress of the work on each machine. Yet, when the machines are ready for use again, a fortnight and more may elapse before they are officially allowed to be returned to the engineering shops that urgently require them.

Recently, important lathes were delayed for weeks to await Government inspection.

Which suggests that the best way to speed-up war output is to speed-up the official form-fillers.

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW FOR CHANGES

WE do not need inquests to probe the causes for our failure in Libya and our difficulties in the Battle for Egypt.

Whatever errors of judgment may have been made by the commanders on the spot, we lost Libya for precisely the same reason that we lost Singapore and Burma.

Faulty direction from the top!

Taking Fright

Now the muddlers are alarmed. They have patched up personal differences so as to stand united against the critics.

Like sneaking schoolboys, they whine that really they are quite blameless.

Qui Excuse

"The weapons were all right," they declare anxiously, "it was the generals that let us down."

They add, as usual: "Don't hit the Government—it's doing a big job."

Such excuses seem to betray guilty consciences.

No Scapegoats

But the public is not looking for scapegoats, as the flummoxed Mr. Attlee so egregiously suggested.

The country demands something far more important.

IT WANTS DRASTIC CHANGES IN THE HIGHEST COUNCILS OF WAR.

Public Opinion

And changes will come.

This week's parliamentary vote on the motion of censure will mean nothing. No more than Government "confidence" challenges in the past have meant!

But the Government will not be deaf to public demands, as expressed in the Debate. Undoubtedly it will make a desperate effort to improve the organisation and conduct of the war.

United Strategy

Plainly, this war cannot be treated as an old-time campaign of leisurely forays and piecemeal expedients.

There is an appalling need for urgency. There is an overwhelming need for bread, swift strokes backed by foolproof organisation.

Our strategy must be united and world-wide: the United Nations must have a common plan of action.

Libya in Perspective

Let us remember that Libya and Egypt is only one sector in the vast war front.

The Russians claim to have accounted for 10,000,000 German casualties—including 3,500,000 dead—in a year. The Russian casualties total 4,500,000.

Such figures put Libya in its proper perspective.

More Lessons

Certainly the fighting on the Egyptian frontier holds many lessons for us—some that we should have learned long ago.

In fact, the desert has proved a testing-ground for methods and implements, a realistic battle school.

Out-gunned

It is clear that we have had too few—pitifully few—powerful tanks.

Mostly we have relied on the lightly armed tanks that lost us the previous campaign; tanks easily out-gunned by the enemy.

We sacrificed dash and speed in manœuvre because our military messages were sent in code, which took hours to decode. And so on.

Mr. Churchill's Role

An even greater lesson is apparent.

The Prime Minister should no longer be Minister of Defence. The two jobs are too big for any one man, even a Churchill.

Fantastic Position

He cannot devote all his time to military affairs when he is expected to supervise domestic business as well.

It is absurd to suppose he can remain unprejudiced when, as Prime Minister, he has to review the plans drawn up by himself as Defence Minister!

Yet he would still have the last word if he relinquished the post of Minister of Defence and reorganised the direction of the war.

Combine for Strength!

Next, there should be a combined general staff.

JOHN BULL's insistence upon this change is stressed by the recent sorry events.

It is not enough that the three Fighting Forces should co-ordinate in actual battle. There should be joint planning before the battle begins.

Munitions and Men

A combined general staff must plan for the three Services in every theatre of war. And every battlefield must be viewed as an integral part of the war as a whole.

There is now joint planning for munitions and weapons, as Mr. Lyttelton assures us. Let us also have a United Nations' plan for men and military moves; let the Soviet Union and China be consulted at every stage!

Three Demands

Britain's part in the new Production Front calls for a better allocation of our man- and woman-power.

It calls for better use of shipping. There are many kinds of goods we still import that could be made in Britain.

Moreover, our production of new shipping must be increased and hastened.

Heavy Losses

There can be no disguising the fact that our shipping losses have been fearsome.

Far bigger air forces must be diverted by the United Nations to hunting the U boats and bombing their bases.

Until the submarine menace is combatted, we cannot open a Second Front in Europe nor sustain the present sectors of our world front.

And we must not merely save our ships—we must have far more of them.

New Ministry

We have a Ministry of Aircraft Production. Why, then, is there no Ministry of Shipbuilding?

It is urgently and imperatively required. For now we are reaping the grim harvest of the pre-war folly that condemned Jarrow to be derelict.

The scarcity of shipwrights is acute. Yet also it seems that the shipwrights we have are not always properly used for the nation's benefit.

Sacked

In one Tyneside yard last week 800 men were stood off!

In a Merseyside repairing yard more than 250 tradesmen and labourers were recently sacked. The men who were retained now sign on in the morning and then go home for the rest of the day.

Smooth It Out!

That is why we need a Ministry of Shipbuilding—to even out the work into a regular flow, to see that no skilled man is wasted, to ensure the maximum production from Britain's incomparable slipways!

In this thirty-fifth month of war there can be no excuse for hold-ups in the employment of craftsmen.

Work for Women

In industry as a whole there can be no shadow of excuse for prejudice against the employment of women.

Much more part-time work should be provided for young married women.

JOHN BULL urged this step months ago. It is time the Government overcame its dread of offending the recalcitrant employers.

Important People

Married women are the only big source of labour left to us.

Part-time employment for them constitutes a possibility of vastly extending our industrial output.

Up-to-date

That output must not only be vast in quantity but high in quality.

It is a shocking reflection that our troops in Egypt have been fighting with out-of-date equipment.

Just because we began war production so long after the enemy, so should our tank and gun designs be all the more modern and formidable.

Urgent!

The public will not tolerate any more excuses about the Axis being "a step ahead of us." The public will accept no more explanations of the lack of foresight, united planning and organisation that has been all too apparent.

Patience is wearing thin.

The public knows that recent disasters cannot be justified. There must be no more of them!

The muddlers have been warned. They must show themselves capable of acting coolly but with a sense of the utmost urgency.

(Continued overleaf)

THEY'VE PASSED HIM A1

● Doctors differ—sometimes so markedly that not only their patients but everyone else has a right to protest.

A Doncaster fireman was ill all last winter with lung trouble. He was discharged from the N.F.S. this Easter because he was said to be tubercular.

He obtained a job at a war factory. But the firm's medical board turned him down as completely unfit.

Then he was called up for his military service "medical."

He showed his N.F.S. discharge papers. Nevertheless, the board passed him as Grade 1.

Is the standard of fitness for military service so much lower than that for the N.F.S. and industry?

It shouldn't be.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

IT is confirmed that, once again, the dive-bomber helped the enemy to gain success in Libya.

Like a sleepy parrot, Sir Archibald Sinclair repeats his statement that dive-bombers for us were ordered in 1940.

Will he tell us if the order still stands—or was it cancelled?

No Blinkers

Again, care was taken that the troops sent to Rommel had perfect sight and could stand the sun-glare without strain—many were experienced in fighting in the glaring white of snowy wastes.

Are we taking the same precaution—not only with troops for Egypt, but with those being sent to India?

Hard Saving

The 250,000th visitor to a London munitions-from-waste exhibition was a young sailor.

He said the Navy "saves everything all the time"—paper, tins, cigarette cartons and anything else.

No doubt that is the general rule. But there may be exceptions.

Was It Wasted!

It is said that when one minelayer had a clean-up at the base, the men were ordered to throw overboard coils of wire, copper hoops and rope.

The Admiralty is pretty quick in dealing with complaints. No doubt it will investigate this one.

Shivering the Timbers

Investigation is even more urgently needed down in some lovely beech woods near Henley.

They are being thinned to provide timber, and local residents complain that the trees are felled without regard as to where they will fall, so saplings are smashed and bigger trees broken. Then, when tractors pull the felled trunks away to the mill, more saplings are torn up by the roots.

It is said that for every tree felled, three are ruined.

Cutting the Corner

Equally senseless, still more infuriating, is this case for Parliament's attention:

A road round a northern airfield has been widened. To cut off a corner and thereby save less than a hundred yards, the road has been driven across a field that bears one of the best barley crops in the district. The farm well has also been destroyed.

Grow More Food!

The barley would be ready for harvest in a few weeks, and the local agricultural committee had advised that the work should be postponed accordingly.

But officialdom was deaf. Perhaps it is also blind to the posters urging us all to Grow More Food.

Gone Away

A really good vegetable garden was made by a searchlight unit. Naturally, the boys were moved when the produce was coming along nicely—and before they could hoe up twenty rows of potatoes.

Nothing has been done to save the plot, though there are more troops only a mile away.

It was a good idea of the War Office to develop the soldiers'-allotments scheme. It should not be impossible to prevent the allotments from falling into decay owing to troop transfers.

Milk Muddle

Nor is there any reason why milk should be wasted even though it happens to be plentiful at the moment.

Cornwall farmers are angry because thousands of gallons are returned to producers from a factory each week, not because it is sour or dirty, but because "it contains too much acidity."

Moreover, twenty-four or thirty-six hours elapse before the milk is returned. By that time of course, it is useless for any purpose.

It wouldn't happen in Germany. It shouldn't happen here.

Feeding Fritz

What is the food position in Germany? Though inferior to our own, it is not very much below pre-war level.

German troops and officials in the Occupied Countries are so liberally supplied with food that they are the principal suppliers to the black markets.

Such are the conclusions of a 2d. report, "Rationing Under Axis Rule," published by the Allied Governments in London.

Hitler's Loot

It makes tragically clear how thoroughly Europe has been plundered so that Hitler's troops shall be well fed.

So little has been left that in some places dogmeat costs 5s. per lb. and cats—those cats that are left—fetch 20s. and more.

Slow Starvation

In Belgium there is less than half the food needed to maintain health. Tuberculosis has doubled; rickets and other hunger-diseases are filling the hospitals.

The Czech gets less than half the food he needs. The Dutchman's diet has been cut by more than a third. In France there is not enough milk even for small children.

The Infamous Truth

There is no rationing in Greece, for there is no food to be rationed. Hundreds of thousands of Greeks are too weak to work; last November, 450 people died each day in one area alone.

The Slavs start queueing at dawn for bread. The Norwegians get meat once every four or six weeks; yet must provide German airmen with meat six days a week and a pint of cream each day.

Object-Lesson

In Poland, people have boiled the bark of trees and the skins of dead animals for food.

And in Britain, some people still dare to waste milk and bread!

Looking Back

At last the miners are to get a decent minimum wage—just a hundred years after the passing of the first Coal Mines Act.

That law, bitterly opposed by the House of Lords, provided that no boy under ten and no women should work underground.

Progress à la Snail

So we have progressed a little in the last century. Not very quickly, not very surely. Sometimes we have moved sideways like crabs, and sometimes backwards.

But we have shown that we can progress with measures of social justice even in war time. And JOHN BULL believes we could move a little faster.

Raise Pensions

For example, there is no reason for delay in meeting the justified demand for better pensions.

And here JOHN BULL reminds the Government of the plight of many post-office pensioners who are finding it hard to exist.

Some of them were boy sorters in the bad old days, when work was begun at 4 a.m. and after a break was resumed till 8 p.m.—all for 12s. a week. They deserve a comfortable old age!

On with the Job

Indeed, it would not only be unjust but pound-foolish to postpone social measures till after the war.

Tribute should therefore be paid to the Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors for organising a competition for the lay-out of an after-war model housing estate.

Remembering the rush of jerry-builders to make rotten new suburbs after the last war, no one can think the competition premature.

Communal Life

One of our readers, indeed, has a plan for establishing a new social system now in order to conserve labour, food and fuel—and thus make a total war effort possible.

In his little book ("The Road to Total War," by Lawrence Wolfe), he suggests that the occupants of each street should form a communal unit.

The unit would co-operate with others and use a common centre for cooking and feeding, pool their laundry and other requirements, establish miniature nursery schools, hobby centres for older children, and so on.

The Right Lines

By examining the costs, he believes his plan would effect a great saving in every family's expenses and release much labour.

Whether it is practicable on a national scale is another matter. But undoubtedly it deserves consideration, for only by greater co-operation shall we attain greater efficiency and more comfort—in war as in peace.

Serving the Nation

Moreover, many war expedients must be continued in peace. We have had to develop new public services; they will be continued.

There will be no return to the old days of parochial muddle.

Firemen, for instance, will never again be hamstrung by local boundaries and local jealousies.

Never Again!

JOHN BULL does not hesitate to criticise the N.F.S. But no one can doubt that the N.F.S. is an immense improvement on the preposterous pre-war system (if so gigantic a muddle can be called a "system") which allowed many fires to burn unchecked.

It would be as well if the authorities made it plain that such State services as the N.F.S. will not be handed back to local or even regional control after the war.

Full Up!

Also without delay, Whitehall should bestir itself to find work for people who want to work for Britain even though they don't happen to have British names.

Recently we told you of a Dutchman resident here for thirty-two years, who cannot find a job.

We can tell you of another who has lived here for exactly the same time, and who speaks six languages; but for whom the Ministry of Labour can do nothing.

Her War Work

Again, we know a "friendly alien" woman who has got nothing better from the Ministry than a part-time job in a luxury trade that brings her 13s. a week.

Until such people are usefully employed, it is the merest humbug to talk of complete labour mobilisation.

Over-Forties

And until every available young woman is in a war job, it is obviously highly undesirable to conscript women over forty.

Despite all assurances that dodgers are being rounded-up and "they cannot possibly escape," the fact remains that idle young women are still able to lounge in seaside hotels. While others are engaged in non-essential occupations!

Paid to Idle

Similarly, a London confectionery shop opens in the afternoon—to sell chocolate to children, ice-cream, and nothing else.

Yet two under-forty women are employed for the purpose, and for most of the time are idle.

Britain's labour reserves have still to be recruited!

Behind the News

- First S.S. Black Guard general to be entrusted with command of a Nazi army is Dietrich, Hitler's former bodyguard and ex-waiter, whose record includes many murders.
- *Rommel's secret: a staff of fifty experts who solved problems of water supply, food conservation, refrigeration of tanks, and medical care of troops.*
- Watch these German generals: Richthofen, relative of the last war air ace, will direct para-attack on Caucasus. Student will launch one against Egypt from Crete.
- Vast underground organisation in Czechoslovakia and widespread sabotage have been admitted by Frank, Under-Secretary for Bohemia.
- *Every effort has failed to keep German 'plane manufacture to replacement level of losses. Full effect will be felt within two months.*
- Strength of Soviet resistance in Crimea and Kharkov has provoked new nerve war against Turkey to secure Dardanelles passage for Axis supplies.
- Tokio fears that Jap naval defeats will make it impossible to carry out original Pacific war plans.
- *Anglo-Russian treaty has wasted years of Nazi propaganda in Islam based on Russian bogy. Arab relief is shown by greater co-operation with Britain.*
- Nazis fear that Russians may soon employ "oil-destruction" parachutists against Balkan targets.
- In anticipation of British raids on Berlin, the luxurious residences of Goering, Goebbels and Ribbentrop are deserted.
- *Hitler's H.Q. behind the front has become a propaganda trick. He has not spent more than four days per month at the front; rest of his time is spent in Bavaria.*

Without Fear or Favour

By the Editor

LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

TALK! Talk! Talk! Everybody's doing it. What this country needs is less chatter and more action.

Facts can sometimes be explained, but they can never be explained away. The grave fact which the nation is facing now is the changed strategical position arising from our defeat in the Western Desert.

We know that something went shockingly wrong with our plans and that once again a British Army has been out-generalled and out-gunned.

We also realise with utter clarity that, unless the military situation can be transformed during the next three months, it will be impossible to break the power of Germany this year.

Our chief concern and the sole object and purpose of the United Nations remains the winning of the war as a whole. Let us get on with that!

We have talked long enough about the duty of the people to the State. To-day we invite the State to reconsider its duty to the people.

They will not do so by speeches, promises or exhortations. They cannot win the war by saying: "It all depends on *you*."

Our leaders have got to stop the rot.

The Government must have a real clean-up. Shuffling about of minor politicians won't do.

Mr. Churchill must reorganise the conduct of the war in the light of the lessons learned from Libya and our continuous reverses in other areas.

His job as Prime Minister is one of immense responsibility and strain. He should drop the title of Minister of Defence.

The present out-of-date, unwieldy, "buck-passing" structure which "conducts" the war must be scrapped and replaced by an organisation that is compact, simple and efficient.

We cannot have a United World Strategy for the United Nations until we have strategy rightly and effectively organised at home and in the Commonwealth.

MR. CHURCHILL very sensibly yielded to repeated public pressure when he appointed a Minister of Production.

We prophesy that he will quickly realise the need now to place the conduct of the war in tune with future needs.

His visit to America, if nothing else, must have convinced him of this vital necessity.

No man in the country can better survey the world conflict as a whole. No man, except President Roosevelt, has equal knowledge of the combined resources of the United Nations and the means by which they may be used.

Used they must be, and soon, if the prospect of total victory is not to recede into the dim and dangerous future. The Soviet armies, now bearing the whole brunt of the fighting in Europe, count upon our early help, and have the right to do so.

Great Britain is swarming with troops—American now, as well as British and Imperial. The Home Guard is being recruited by compulsion as well as voluntary enlistment.

The call-up of men and women, boys and girls proceeds apace. Civilian industry is being stripped of its last reserves.

Simultaneously with this nation-wide enrolment for the Services, our war factories are almost at full blast. Mr. Lyttelton says they are near the peak of potential production.

Already our leaders claim superiority in the air, and give us staggering figures of armament output in every other direction.

But what is the use of millions of fighting men who cannot get at the enemy or mountains of material that cannot be delivered to a fighting front in time to be used against him and to stop him?

These are the questions which spring from Singapore and Burma and Tobruk. These are the questions which are being asked by soldiers and munition workers.

They say—and we echo their words: "Let's get on with it! Let us stop the rot! Somehow or other, somewhere or other, let us get to grips with the enemy."

How can this be done? We are not strategists, but we have constantly in mind the promise which Churchill and Roosevelt have just renewed to our Russian Allies—namely, that we shall do everything in our power to open up a Front in Europe at the earliest possible moment.

Everything is a limitless word. We feel that it must include more Commando attacks and more numerous and still heavier bombing raids against Germany.

It must mean willingness to try out new ideas; to take risks—even desperate risks rather than the fatal risk of continued inaction.

"Everything" means every necessary sacrifice, even if it comes to tearing the last vestige of private privilege up by the roots.

It means ruthlessness. It means sacking all incompetents, throwing the "duds" overboard, caring not a jot for prestige or social position, judging each man by his present-day value and not—even mercifully—by his past record.

It means that henceforth we must fight this war with the stark realism of our Russian comrades, who allow nothing and nobody to interfere with the war effort.

So far, the Government has not displayed realism of this kind. Its actions have been fettered too often by timid subservience to profit-making, organised Labour, Big Business, and High Finance.

It has coerced the weak and truckled to the strong.

SPEED counts for more than caution in these times. Our production planning system is as complicated as our strategical machine and as tedious in its elaborate processes.

The public can take hard facts as resolutely as it has taken hard knocks. It prefers them ungarnished with excuses.

It has given the Government almost unlimited powers, and would like to see them used quickly and decisively as the necessity arises. It is sick of entreaties and weary of veiled warnings. It wants to get on with the job.

LAST TIME IT WAS NURSE CAVELL—NOW . . .

HITLER, never squeamish about the sex or the age of his victims, is now deliberately executing the mothers of small children, aged matrons, teachers, school mistresses, girl students and the wives of decent European workers.

Not that Hitler's New Order and Nazi policy have not already cost the lives of thousands of unfortunate women in the Occupied countries. They were driven from their homes, left to starve in lonely spots of war-torn Poland, killed by the Nazi soldiers in Jugoslavia, tortured and hunted even in France.

* * *

But now Nazi execution squads, the tough young S.S. Black Guard gangsters with the automatic guns under their arms, have been let loose against the women of Europe in an organised attempt to terrorise the weaker sex of Hitler's enemies.

Do not think it is an accident that sixty-five women have been shot in Czechoslovakia alone in the last few weeks. There is a sinister policy behind this foul deed.

Hitler gets frightened when Europe's women talk!

And that, very significantly, applies to Germany, too.

He remembers how hysterical German girls cheered him to victory in 1933. His policy was designed to glorify the German women.

He knew their power, the influence which they wielded on their menfolk. Mothers persuaded their sons to join the Nazi Party, wives wanted to see their husbands "mixing with the right people," sweethearts adored the boys in uniform.

But since these sons, husbands and friends have been killed by the thousand on all fronts, even German women lost their enthusiasm for Hitler. And the *Gestapo* and the S.S. were ordered to clamp down on them.

First German women who grumbled during their futile shopping expeditions to empty shops were dispersed with whips and clubs by the Nazi police.

Next a party of soldiers' wives who wanted to prevent their men from going to the slaughter on the Russian front were mown down by machine-guns.

Now it is more deliberate. Hardly a week passes without a death sentence on a German woman being announced.

There were two old nurses who gave children in their care more than the rationed foodstuffs. They were condemned to death and executed.

A girl in Hamburg listened to British news and talked about what she heard. She was shot by order of Himmler.

But the savagery of the Nazi gang against women really reaches ghastly proportions in Occupied countries.

In Poland it has been raging for two years. It is being intensified now. Women who are not killed outright are sent to lonely woods and left to starve and die with their children.

* * *

Hitler, whose policy included "protection of motherhood," knows very well that, by murdering and persecuting women, he hits a whole nation on the weakest spot.

Among the women of Europe there are heroes whose stories have not yet been told. They have helped brave guerillas to carry on against the Nazis. They have hidden Hitler's enemies from the Nazi police. They have proved invaluable allies in the dangerous underground war of Europe against the barbarians.

These women were always prepared to take the same risks as their menfolk. They never flinched when the Nazi persecutors caught up with them.

* * *

But now there is a multitude of other women, innocent girls, mothers of large families who are facing Hitler's fury. Like hostages picked at random by the German military dictators of occupied countries, so women are simply led away to the gallows or to the wall of a prison where beastly, soulless, barbarised stormtroopers murder them in cold blood.

It is the worst campaign of terror and horror which the Nazis have yet launched. Yet it is not wholly a one-sided affair.

Even before we all can join to make the Nazis pay for these new outrages let us honour a little Russian girl of thirteen, who seems to me like a symbol of women's heroism in the war.

Having seen the brutal Nazis shoot her mother and sister, she stole away, picked up a gun and shot—yes, and killed—five of the murderers.

Then she escaped and walked forty miles to freedom.

All Europe's womanhood has a terrible score to settle with Hitler and his barbarians.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Open Letters

The COUNCILLORS,
Southend-on-Sea

GENTLEMEN,—For cool, calculated and cussed cheek you really deserve the attention of people everywhere.

Men are dying that you might live.

The most rigid economy, the sternest self-denial, are essential if the rest of us are to save our skins.

Your town has been severely hit by war conditions; many of your ratepayers are the poorer.

Yet you intend to spend between £750 and £1,000 of their money on August 15 to celebrate Southend's fiftieth anniversary as a borough—celebrations that will include a so-called austerity lunch for yourselves and a privileged few, with fatuous processions and folk-dancing to amuse the public.

Whitehall should forbid this extravagance.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on a great job finely done.

Mussolini spent thirteen years in reclaiming 200,000 acres of the Pontine Marshes. Britain has reclaimed a similar area in nine months—during a great war in which labour and machinery have been scarce.

Well, there's still more to be done. Above all, though we may not be able to add another 200,000 acres to our arable land, we can greatly add to our crops by draining land already in cultivation.

There is wonderful soil in the Fens that does not produce its best because the fields need ditching and hedging. Could we not use more Italian prisoners-of-war on the task?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. M. HUGHES,
Ex-Prime Minister of Australia

DEAR BILLY.—Thank heavens, you've never minced words with the Australian public.

"Every day official communiqués ladle out soothing syrup," you exclaim. "Every day the people must be given their daily dose. Every retreat is a masterpiece of military strategy conceived by British genius."

I guess we get even more of those communiqués here in Britain. But we don't think of them as soothing syrup. We find they taste uncommonly like gall.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDDIE WILLIAMS,
Children's Nutrition Council, Wales

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—Thanks for your letter—I like its bright idea.

A leaseholder has to put his property in order when the lease expires. So, you demand, before the mining royalty owners are bought out they should be made to shift the ugly coal tips and plant the denuded hillsides with trees.

Yes, but can you see the coal landlords dipping into their pockets? I can't.

Remember the mine-owners' recent opposition to a national minimum wage for miners—and how they suddenly agreed when they found the extra money would be found by the State!—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir EDWARD EVANS,
"Evans of the Broke"

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Naughty boys have so often become, like yourself, great citizens.

You ran away from home three times. You were always being punished for fighting. You "were the despair of every schoolmaster."

Ah, but you were lucky. When you were young, naughty boys were not clapped into "approved schools" by the hundred; childish pranks were not treated as alarming crimes; high spirits were not a reason for locking up youngsters for years.

Now we are told there is a grave lack of approved schools because of the "great increase in juvenile crime."

I don't think there would be such a lack if, recognising that boys will be boys, we were not so eager to treat ordinary naughtiness as anti-social wickedness!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. E. BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Stacks of rent reports are arriving at your office. Don't let them get dusty.

They show that many landlords have taken advantage of the war to profiteer on an extortionate scale.

They show—and they have been drawn up by the rents committees of 1,468 local councils—that all I have written about this festering social sore has been justified.

I now demand that you pick up a lancet and do a little bloodletting.

Present methods of dealing with the greedy landlord are too soft, too slow, and too sedative.

Prosecutions average only one a week.

There is, indeed, a disturbing reluctance to prosecute, perhaps because quite a few local councillors and J.P.s are themselves landlords.

As for furnished houses, there the scandal is seen at its ugliest and most infuriating.

Servicemen's wives who have gone to live near their husbands, war workers who have been transferred from their home districts, are the subject of gross and systematic profiteering.

Four pounds a week is asked for two small furnished rooms. Sometimes the "furniture" consists of a few broken chairs!

Yet I proposed a simple remedy years ago.

Control should be based, not on the fancy rents of the past, but on the rateable value of today.

No rent should exceed that rateable value and an agreed percentage for reasonable profit, rate, repairs and depreciation; with a higher proportion, of course, for furnished properties.

And prosecution for any infringement of the regulations should be automatic and swift.

No piecemeal compromise will end the scandal of profiteering landlordism. The public looks to you for decisive and resolute action; it must not look in vain.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, M.P.,
Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Fresh evidence comes of the unwisdom in overworking young people. Interviewing officers report that many boys and girls are too tired to take part in youth activities because of long working hours and travel.

These officers urge legislation to restrict hours of work to fifty-two a week for persons between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. I hope you'll consider it.

Apart from the strain on youthful physique, it is plain that excessive working hours reduce rather than increase output.—JOHN BULL.

Commander A. H. C. FIREBRACE,
Chief of Fire Staff

DEAR COMMANDER,—I understand that five pumps and a dispatch rider were recently sent from Weybridge to beyond Maidstone. On arrival, the 27 men learned that the exercise had finished before they left Weybridge!

So they were given bread-and-cheese and sent back—a wasted journey of 150 miles.

It won't make pleasant news for the men who risked their lives to fetch the petrol.—JOHN BULL.

Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE, M.P.,
Chairman, Parl. Medical Committee

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—A mother in one district is compelled to suffer needless agony. Her sister in a neighbouring district is given all the relief from pain that medical knowledge can offer.

It is a damnable indictment of our uneven system of local government that two out of every three local authorities have failed to instruct their midwives in the use of harmless pain-killers at childbirth.

The sluggards should be kicked—hard. And also your suggestion should be adopted and *all* midwives trained in the proper use of pain-relieving drugs.—JOHN BULL.

THOMAS MATTHEWS,
Elm Street, Wakefield

LAZYBONES,—You make me regret there is no longer any really hard labour in jail. But at least your three months' imprisonment should not be quite so comfortable as your last year at home, during which you did only two days' work.

Though a miner, you seem to have nothing in common with the great mass of pit workers who have strained their muscles to produce the raw material most needed in our war industries, and I think they will agree with me that you should be de-reserved and put into khaki.

I wager the sergeant-major would be more successful than the Ministry of Labour at inducing you to work.—JOHN BULL.

Medicine and Money

ARGUE IT OUT

By Poles

IT has always been a mystery to me why the medical profession in the past was allowed to develop more or less haphazardly.

The same thing may be said about medical services generally. Hospitals still live on charity; voluntary contributions keep many famous hospitals going; nursing services are lacking in direction and co-ordination; poor people are denied the care and skill and attention which the rich can buy.

Now it seems one-man-practices may go.

The Medical Planning Commission, in its interim report, has reported against State Medicine in a State-salaried service, but has agreed on a radical and basic scheme of Group Medicine, with doctors co-operating in groups of from six to twelve or more.

Under this scheme each group would run a communal surgery at State Health Centres for persons within the National Health Insurance limit and their dependants—approximately 90 per cent. of the population.

★ ★ ★

At last the Commission has recognised that the one-man practice is out of date. Doctors in private practice cannot give to their patients the benefits of modern diagnosis and treatment.

The medical profession cannot be blamed for rejecting State Medicine; but it can be blamed as a whole for the deficiencies and inequalities of the present system.

It is difficult to dissociate medicine from money. Doctors must live—and many of them for years have a thin time, especially if they were unable to buy practices.

To train a doctor costs money. That is wrong fundamentally.

If doctors are so important to the life of a nation they should be drawn from all ranks of life and not only from those families able to finance and set up sons and daughters as doctors.

And they should be trained at the cost of the State. Their services should be at the disposal of the State; the poorest citizen in this country should be able to call in, if necessary, the services of the most brilliant specialists.

There is something wrong in a system which permits great gifts of healing to be commercialised.

★ ★ ★

I met recently an old man who, because of illness, lost his job. He had to consult a certain specialist, an acknowledged authority on this disease. The fee paid for each visit was ten guineas.

"But didn't you tell him your circumstances and ask for a reduction?" I asked.

"It would have been no use," was the reply. "He'd only have told me to get somebody else."

I doubt it. Most specialists and doctors are willing to adjust their charges to the financial position of their patients. And the medical profession is full of men who have worked hard and long in poor class districts for very little return.

But their sacrifice and splendid record of service do not justify the system; just as the magnificent work done by our great voluntary hospitals does not justify their dependence on private charity.

I know many doctors. Good fellows most of them. Some make thousands a year; others struggle along on hundreds. The men with thousands have little fault to find; the men with hundreds are not so content.

State Medicine would do much to remedy all this.

Commando G.H.Q. Springs a Surprise of its Own

★ Planning Commando raids is, of course, a very secret job—but here you can look in at the deceptively simple H.Q., and glimpse some of the work going on there

By JOHN CASHEL

A LONG table and chairs. A few models of landing craft and aircraft, and a framed photograph of the King on the plain distempered wall.

That's all there is in the Conference Room, C.O.H.Q.—the few square feet where the combined minds of Navy, Army and Air Force think in minutes that spell triumph or disaster to Britain's raiding troops.

I say *Britain's* raiding troops—Commandos, Paratroops, specially trained Army units, as well as Royal Marines.

But soon, if not already, there'll be some of America's special task troops and others of the Empire and United Nations.

Accents and uniforms of the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force are mingling in the staff at Headquarters, directed by the King's cousin, Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, and his chief assistants, the Navy's Commodore Ellis, the Army's Major-General Haydon, and the R.A.F.'s Air Vice-Marshal Robb.

How are their raids planned?

Wanting to tell you, I arranged a rendezvous with an R.A.F. officer to ask him if I could visit C.O.H.Q.

"Come and see me at ——," he said, giving me a number and a thoroughfare.

I found myself before a block of buildings like hundreds you pass every day unnoticed, and being so commonplace, it had the best camouflage of all—none!

An obscure white-letter notice on a small black board on a wall read: "Reserved for C.C.O.'s Car," but that might stand for anything in these days of multitudinous initials.

Besides, no imposing limousine with miniature official flag was in the reserved space. Only an unpretentious, small family four-seater of a make and type owned by tens of thousands of average folk.

How was I to know that the Chief of Combined Operations knocks about in a car like this, and, incidentally, often drives it himself.

Just a Number

I entered a bare brick doorway. Beside it was a number, nothing more. Inside, the commissionaire was not even in uniform.

He asked my name, and I noticed that he already knew I was coming. He passed me on to the officer I was to meet.

"Tell me," I said to him, "can I visit Combined Operations Headquarters?"

"Of course," he replied. "That's where you are now"!

We laughed. That's how C.O.H.Q. puts a surprise one over on you.

"Come on," he added, "let's look round."

And as we walked up to the Conference Room floor by floor, C.O.H.Q. swarmed with life—the brotherhood in arms of Naval, Army and R.A.F. officers planning and administering side by side, and the sisterhood of Wrens, A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. lending a combined helping hand.

Every section has its own planning rooms, from which minutest details of a projected raid as they affect each Service find their way to the Conference Room, where they are fitted together into the almost split-second dove-tailing which is the final plan.

Careful Sifting

These planners work for weeks and months on end on details that change with every varied raid from the moment the question is discussed, "What and where shall the next one be?" to the time when you read the stirring news that the Commandos have struck again.

Then they sift its lessons.

They know that landing an attack from the sea against defended soil is the most hazardous operation in war, and that every likely and unlikely possibility of disaster must be allowed for if success is to be won.

Think what just one detail of their minute-to-minute time-tabling means.

A smoke screen has to be laid from the air in front of Commandos to cover their landing at X spot at 00.35 hours.

X spot covers only a few hundred yards—from the air—just a dot in a stretch of continental coast.

The R.A.F., with their smoke bombs, must fly to it over scores or maybe hundreds of miles, locate it, drop their smoke screen to the minute!

A minute too soon may warn the Germans, if the Commandos have so far kept their presence unknown. A minute too late may delay their assault and upset their time-table, which the Navy has kept by navigating them to their landing place at the precise moment.

Split Minutes

C.O.H.Q. planners timed to within half a minute the driving of the Campeltown into the big dock gate at St. Nazaire.

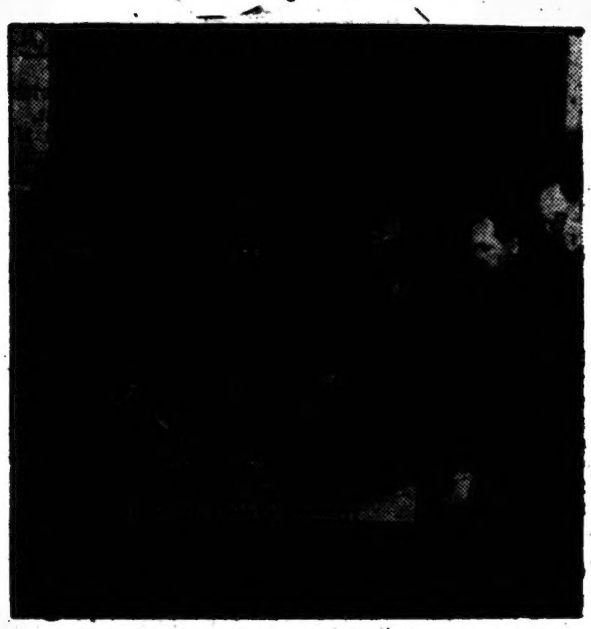
The destroyer carried five tons of delayed-action explosive to wreck the only dock on the European Atlantic seaboard that could hold the *Tirpitz*.

Just how much explosive was needed to do the job, just how long the delayed action should be to make it safe for the destroyer to ram the gate without exploding the charge by the impact. These were but two of the posers the planners and the specialists behind them had to get dead right to ensure the difference between failure and success.

Specialists, too, must be found for the job on the spot.

Demolition bodies able to handle heavy charges of explosives. Engineers like Flight-Sergeant Cox, the R.A.F. radio mechanic who, dropped by parachute, did a special job at the German radio-location station (that was) at Bruneval so well that he got the Military Medal for it.

C.O.H.Q. naval planners and administrators not only find outward and homeward transport and escort, but advise on landing places, approaches to beaches and harbours, accessibility of roads, tides at a given spot and time—an important factor where the Commandos' flat-bottomed landing craft are concerned.



Lord Louis Mountbatten and his all-services staff work in the plainest room imaginable.

That makes it clear in detail why the Admiralty appealed to the public for snapshots of places on the western continental coasts.

A few useful such holiday snapshots, sifted from the mass of unsuitable ones, may help in bringing success and saving many a Commando's life and limb.

While the Navy's men at the C.O.H.Q. Brain-Box are working out their part of the coming raid puzzle, the R.A.F.'s are not only concerned with providing fighter cover, bomber support, diversionary tactics, but with reconnaissance, especially photographic.

They are not only able to get pictures taken by day by probably the fastest craft in the air to-day, but by night, and they provide invaluable information when they are interpreted by experts.

The Army's planners are busy arranging special training for the particular raid projected and the study of topographical features and static defences in the assault zone.

Vital aspects of landing place or neighbouring countryside, or town lay-out, have to be mastered. They are reproduced over here on the training ground.

Commandos find themselves scaling cliffs rising at certain angles, clambering over dummy quays, moving over a network of imaginary roads and paths, crashing through an intricate pattern of defences.

They know why they do these things. But they are not told *where* or *when* they will do them in reality. Not possibly until after they embark, usually at night.

Once aboard, no man goes back ashore. They may, through weather or other reasons, be stuck there for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours, but they and their secret stay afloat.

Aboard they are told—where they are going, objectives, and means by which these are to be attained.

Each man, seaman or Commando, is given his allotted task. Each unit, precise spot of re-embarkation, how to reach it, the exact minute by which it must be reached or unavoidably the man will be left behind.

Maps and models may come out. Every man memorises them until he visualises his part and knows it by heart. He prepares his equipment, weapons, demolition charges, or whatever apparatus he will handle.

This occupies him on the trip over (on a long run he'll have snatches of rest, too) till the moment comes when, covered by the escort, he and his comrades gather in their several landing craft and, at a whispered order, strike—dead on the appointed minute for the assault.

Wireless silence may be maintained throughout, perhaps till they're home again. Which is why Goebbels continues to get in first with his usual lies of "failure, heavy losses," and so on . . . till the returned Commandos and photographic and other evidence tell a different story, and he is forced to change his tune!

C.O.H.Q. planners have beaten Hitler once again.

With the aid of many-sided intelligence, they map-marked and modelled his defences. They negotiated his mines. They shot up his flak ships, his batteries, his searchlights.

They lost, as anticipated, some landing craft, but motor launches waited in their place for the re-embarking Commandos.

Few Mistakes

They did not repeat the one oversight of brilliant Vaagso, when they learned a street-fighting lesson from Hitler's "Invisible Men."

"We never make the same mistake twice," is a slogan of the Commando Brain-Box. Probably no body of men ever made fewer mistakes.

As you leave their exclusive and novel hive, you are convinced none ever had a better chance of *not* making them.

For here lives the young and nimble minded, compact little family of Unity and Joint Purpose, the hard-hitting Three-in-One.

Good sailing to it! Good flying. Good raiding!

AND HERE'S YOUR RAIDING JOB

LOTS of people start off to beat all salvage records and then find their enthusiasm waning.

If a new Collection Depot is opened in their street they support it wholeheartedly for a week or two and fill the sacks to overflowing. Then, gradually, the amount of their contributions begins to decline.

This tendency to slack off may be human; but if you really want to help the war effort you will make sure that there is no backsliding in your own case.

If you are satisfied that your own effort is being kept up to maximum pitch you can still help further by exhorting others to follow your example.

Almost everyone can contribute to the salvage pool. Indeed, some of the contributions would surprise you.

Many a clergyman has raked out copies of old, unwanted sermons; stage folk have parted with treasured fan mail; golfers have sacrificed old score-cards; housewives have turned out visiting cards, invitation cards, and paper patterns.

Seed catalogues and seed packets have come in from gardeners, while one music library salvaged all the envelopes from a formidable collection of gramophone records.

Even schoolchildren are helping by turning out old scrapbooks, exercise books and atlases.

Remember, one old book will make a Red Cross box for a prisoner of war parcel. Two old soap-flake cartons will provide a pair of heel stiffeners for Army boots. A couple of tooth-paste cartons can be transformed into a demolition block which might play its part in the next Commando raid.

"Think on these things"—and save every scrap of waste paper and cardboard you can.

KNIGHTS OF THE SKIES—III

He Snatched His Pal to Safety

By MICHAEL CLOUD

SOME funny tales could be told about the R.A.F. in Africa—how Air-Marshal Coningham issued an order permitting flying men to wear leather walking boots instead of flying boots, because 25 pilots in one week regained their bases after being shot down far behind enemy lines.

"Flying-boots blister the feet after the first 50 miles," said the order, "so personnel may adopt other suitable footwear."

Then there is the bomber H.Q. in a Roman tomb, very cool and pleasant, with coffin niches for bunks, envied throughout North Africa.

But the story I want to recount concerns one of the four or five occasions in this war when a single-seater aircraft has returned to base with a passenger crammed into the "tailored" cockpit on the pilot's knees.

These are the two pilots —Lieut. Kershaw and Capt. Frost

Diredowa aerodrome was being fiercely attacked. It is no secret now, to say that the troops engaged had been informed that it just *had* to be taken; important affairs a good many thousand miles away depended on that.

The softening-up process was carried out by fighter-escorted bombers. They were opposed by some of the heaviest concentrated flak seen in this war.

Two pals, flying Hurricanes, had orders to go in low and strafe the gunners

They were South Africans; they and their squadron had shot down ten Italian aircraft in two days, and had hardly rested for three days and nights.

They flew in, hopping suddenly over a hilltop and going down in a shallow dive that looked as if it would end by flying straight down the gun-muzzles.

The Italians (not nearly such macaronis as some who sit at home in armchairs believe) put up "hosepiped flak."

Appalling Smack

One of the Hurricanes, as it pulled out of the dive after unloading everything it had at point-blank on top of the guns, staggered, did a tight turn, and went down to land neatly, but with an appalling smack, on the Italian airfield.

"I jumped out," the South African D.F.C. captain said later, "and I didn't have to set fire to the bus, because she was going already from nose to midships.

"Then I saw my buddy coming back, slamming the guns, and with every gun in the place letting off at him. He was flying in a little travelling hell.

"I never dreamed he could land, and then I saw him touch down."

There were other witnesses of that second landing.

Jubilant Italian gunners, naturally supposing they had bagged a brace, came swarming across the tarmac, yelling with joy and waving their arms.

Ran Like a Hare

They saw the second Hurricane turn neatly and taxi swiftly across the runway up to where the blazing wreck of the first one stood. They saw the machine turn into the wind, and wait, with its prop. spinning.

They saw the shot-down pilot suddenly run like a hare. They saw him start climbing into—or rather on to—the Hurricane.

Things woke up.

The Italians pulled revolvers, and bullets went singing into the Hurricane fuselage. A machine-gun broke into an urgent chatter. The bullets kicked up little spits of dust just short of the machine.

They had began to puncture the fuselage and wing, leaving clean little drilled holes.

The shot-down pilot, aided by an arm that seemed to pluck him up bodily, sprawled over the top of the open single cockpit, and clung on with hands, feet and eyebrows.

The machine began to bump over the runway, unsteadily, for the pilot could not see where he was going owing to his pal's body in front of him.

Suddenly there was a terrific swing, as the machine edged a bomb-crater.

The man lying with his fingernails scrabbling at the smooth metal fuselage jerked sideways, missed being flung off only because the return of the Hurricane to its runway shot him back again.

As its wheels left the earth, a knife flung by a crouching black legionary thrummed on to the aircraft within a foot of the passenger's cheek.

Some movement dislodged his hold, and his feet fell into the pilot's lap, down among the vital controls that were taking the aircraft into the air. The passenger got a grip on the pilot's shoulders and hung on for dear life.

From the airfield came a sudden crackling roar of flak.

The Italian gunners were putting up a curtain right in the path of the rising Hurricane. In less time than it takes to tell, they had "boxed" it round, and the thuds, each of which made the machine lurch as if it had been struck with a giant fist, closed suddenly in.

The Hurricane tried to rise in a spiral, but both men knew quite well that its fate was sealed; it could never climb through that inferno of exploding shell.

And then there was one of those queer incidents that sometimes brighten for a moment the bloody smoke of war.

A high Italian officer ran out of a defence position on the edge of the airfield, waving wildly to his own gunners.

And in a moment the noise of the barrage stopped.

As the Hurricane, with its double burden, circled up over his head, the Italian looked up and saluted.

Unchased by gunfire, the British machine flew off.

But its task was as yet only begun.

The two men jumbled up in the cockpit—one of them still half outside it, for, remember, these fighter cockpits are "tailored" to take small men who fit them pretty exactly—tried to ease their position without putting the machine into a fatal spin through some accidental kick on the controls

The passenger wriggled himself down till he could sit, more or less, on the pilot's knees. Round his shoulders, squashed painfully into one corner, the pilot craned, looking where he was flying as well as he could.

Flew by Touch

He could not, of course, see his instruments; but he handled them with mechanical accuracy by touch alone.

The machine flew on, rising over mountains, towards its base.

Suddenly the passenger yelled something.

The noise carried his words away, but at last a monosyllable —"Wop!"—was distinguishable. His head jerked to the left; he dared not let go his precarious hold to point.

Glittering in the sun, at a higher level, beautifully placed for a dive attack, was a Fiat G.50 fighter.

It turned slightly in their direction, appeared to examine them—and then turned back on its way. In a few moments it was out of sight.

The Hurricane could certainly not have fought!

It arrived over the mountain airfield that was its base, circled, obtained permission to land, and came down.

Mile-a-minute

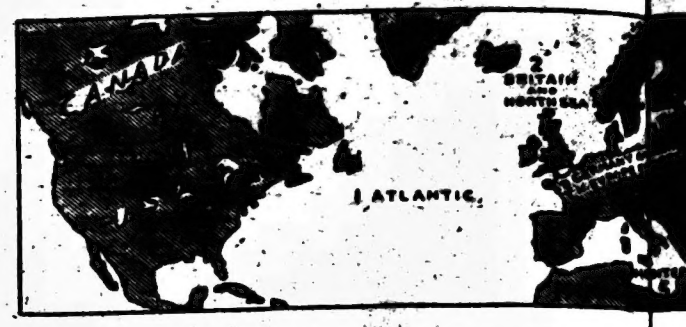
On the ground, the fire squad stood ready—it is not child's play to land a 3-ton aircraft on a bombed aerodrome at a mile a minute when you cannot see the 30-odd dials and switches that control it, when you have to look where you are going round the edge of a man squashed on your knees and when you hold the stick with arms that already encircle his body.

But the passenger helped, and the Hurricane performed the impossible.

It made a perfect three-point, and ran smoothly to a standstill in its appointed place on the none-too-smooth and none-too-big advanced airfield that had been roughly smoothed out of the great hillside.

Next week:
Out With the Scarecrow Patrol.

REMEMB



IF we are to keep cool heads and stout hearts in this great time we must not be rattled by incidents, however grievous. We must relate them to the pattern of things as a whole.

No incident is final. Even so heavy a blow as that we have suffered in Libya must be seen against the vast background of events and potentialities.

Roughly, there are two main theatres of war—the Atlantic and the Pacific. Germany is operating in isolation in the one. Japan is operating in isolation in the other.

Thanks to sea power, the United Nations have access to both theatres. They can act in co-operation as a unit of power. Their supreme task is to keep the Axis divided.

* * *

But this advantage of the United Nations is offset by the fact that both limbs of the Axis are operating on interior lines. They can strike from the centre suddenly, east, west, north or south.

Witness the swiftness with which Hitler switched his attack from the Balkans to Russia last year. Remember that Germany can reinforce Rommel in days where it takes weeks, even months, for us to reinforce Auchinleck by sea.

WE CAN BUILD MOUNTAINS OF MUNITIONS, BUT OUR PROBLEM IS TO GET THEM TO THE DECISIVE SPOT AT THE DECISIVE MOMENT. SHIPS, SHIPS, SHIPS ARE OUR URGENT NEED.

Bearing this comparison of the strength and weakness of the two positions in mind,

Hush Hush Gener

THERE have been more than 2,000 armed frontier clashes between Russia and Japan in the Far East during the last few years!

It is a miracle that none of them has developed into a major Russo-Japanese war which everybody regards as inevitable in the long run.

But Japan knows Russia's armed strength in the Far East, a vast independent military organisation led by the most mysterious of all Russian generals, who goes by the name of Bluecher.

Like Molotov's name, which really means "Hammer," and Stalin's, which is "Man of Steel," Bluecher is a pseudonym. Nobody knows his real name. Few outside the Soviet High Command and his staff have ever come much into contact with him.

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Neither does anybody really know where Bluecher comes from. There is evidence, but only slight, that he was born in Austria.

He first came into the news when he helped Ch liberate China. in the vast sp Far Eastern which he assum

Rumours of feats have acc in Siberia. T made this inhos into a self-suffi producing its ow planes, recruiting hardy Asiatic ra men and machine fighting organisa

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The Japanese, as little about army, have reas

In the bigge undeclared wars Russia the Jap dead and wounde swept over th Bluecher's infant taught the Jap

Maybe this more than grea why the Japanes Russia in the F is imploring his

BER IT'S A WORLD WAR

Here, at a glance, you can see the magnitude of the struggle. Libya—important though it is—is one of at least twelve vital fronts divided, roughly, into two main theatres of war

By A. G. GARDINER

let us turn to Hitler's aims. They are (1) to cut our life-line at sea; (2) to break out of Europe, which is his prison; (3) to reach the oil resources of the Caucasus and Persia that are essential for the maintenance of a long war; (4) to link up with Japan.

Take these aims in turn. For nearly three years now the Battle of the Atlantic has been in progress and we still live. Hitler's pirates have failed to cut our supply line.

Our losses have been immense, especially on the American seaboard in recent months. But replacement is also immense. American counter-measures are improving. We are holding our own.

Short of a desperate *and successful* raiding gamble by Hitler with his capital ships we shall continue to hold our own.

That gamble will come. But we now have the air and sea power of the United States at our back to meet it.

* * *

Hitler's (2) and (3) objects may be taken together. In connection with them the outstanding fact is the colossal disaster he has sustained in Russia.

What was to have been a *tour de force* of six weeks, ending with the annihilation of Russia and a fanfare of triumph in the Red Square of Moscow, has developed into a battle in comparison with which all the battles of history fade into insignificance.

* * *

HITLER'S WAR MACHINE HAS SUFFERED A BLOW, THE FULL MEASURE OF WHICH IT IS YET IMPOSSIBLE TO ESTIMATE.

And Russia, so far from being annihilated, still stands erect, defiant and confident, across Hitler's path.

The attack on Russia was conceived as the left claw of a pincer movement which was to achieve two things apart from the annihilation of Russia. It was to secure the oilfields, and liberate Germany from her prison into the Middle East.

The right claw of the pincer movement was to overrun Egypt and the Suez and meet the left claw from the Black Sea and the Caucasus in Persia.

That was the strategy we had to meet, and it was felt that, whatever happened to the Caucasus claw, the Libyan claw would be contained. The desert war had swayed to and fro so long that real danger in that quarter was discounted.

The whirlwind calamity of Tobruk has darkened the landscape. It has given Hitler the most spectacular triumph he has had since Crete.

It has restored the waning prestige of his arms. It has discredited us in the eyes of the world. The effect on neutral opinion is lamentable.

Most serious of all is the menace that overshadows Egypt.

With the advantage of his interior lines Hitler can exploit the breach Rommel has made by pouring in reinforcements, while weeks and months must pass before our ships can reach the Red Sea and the Suez with armies and armaments. *The war has come perilously near the Middle East.*

* * *

Turn to the Pacific. The shocks which American sea and air power have given to Japan have led Tojo to readjust his strategy. His rendezvous with Hitler in the Middle East is deferred.

His aim now would seem to be to stand on the defensive in the Southern Pacific and launch all his available power against China and Russia. His immediate object is to knock China out of the ring.

Only now do we realise the appalling blunder the Western Powers have made for years in leaving China to be mauled by the Thugs of Japan.

Now that, to our shame, the Burma Road is closed, there is no means of effectively arming China's millions.

Chiang Kai-shek will still fight on, but the air bases from which we should be bombing Tokio are now in Japanese hands.

Meanwhile all the indications are that Tojo is preparing a "Pearl Harbour" for Russia. The massing of troops on the Manchurian border, the activities in the Aleutian Islands, and the assurances of Japan's loyalty to the pact with Russia, all show that the moment for the customary treacherous stab in the dark is near.

But Russia will not be such easy meat for Japan. Russia remembers the treachery of 1904. She will not be taken by surprise.

The Japs will find the Bear at home and very wide awake. Russia has long prepared for the war on two fronts, and in all the skirmishes of recent years—some of them on the scale of set battles—she has been more than a match for the monkey race.

* * *

In this estimate of the situation I have aimed at stating the facts and probabilities as baldly as possible. If the result is that it leaves the issue open, it is as well that we should face the fact that we can lose this war.

WE CANNOT AFFORD ANY MORE OF THE COSTLY BLUNDERS THAT MARK OUR PATH FROM CRETE TO HONG-KONG, MALAYA, SINGAPORE, BURMA TO TOBRUK.

But there are other aspects of the struggle which justify the confidence of victory. The first of them is that in the decisive field of production we have overtaken the enemy and shall soon have left him far behind.

Our supremacy in the air is established and we are carrying the war into the enemy's vitals on a scale to which, thanks to his losses in Russia, he cannot pretend to reply.

With the production of 'planes reaching astronomical figures we should dominate the air in every theatre of war, on sea and on land. In that element we should even restore China to the effective battle-front.

The United States is getting to work on the grand scale and has already wiped out the stain of Pearl Harbour.

The Anglo-Russian-American front is consolidated "for the duration" and after. (Is it not time that China was formally enrolled as the fourth pillar of the quadrilateral?)

The plans for a Second Front are being laid, and the fact that America is committed to it gives the assurance that it will be no hazardous concession to thoughtless clamour.

And all over the Continent the stricken nations await the signal to rise against the tyrant and the infamous traitors who have betrayed them.

YES, IN SPITE OF SET-BACKS THE GREAT CURRENTS OF THE WORLD WAR ARE WITH US. LET US SEIZE THEM TO THE RUSSIAN SLOGAN, "ALL FOR THE FRONT."

...neral Ready for Japs

...g Kai-shek to ...n he disappeared ... of the Russian ...itary command ...

...odigious military ...mied his activity ... tell of how he ...able frozen region ...t military base ... armour and air- ...a own men from ...how he welded ...into a formidable ...n.

★

...ough they know ...luecher and his ...o fear him. ... of the unofficial, ...tween Japan and ... lost 18,009 in ... Bluecher's tanks ... Japanese and ... followed up and ... a lesson. ...erience accounts ... strategic issues ...esitate to attack ... East, why Hitler ...ist allies in vain to help him against the Soviet; why Japan still allows American convoys to reach Russia under her very nose.

For a time, maybe, they felt a little reassured because a new mystery was built up around the mystery man. He was reported to have been purged, killed or deprived of his command. But Japanese investigations proved that whatever Bluecher's fate there was nothing wrong with Bluecher's army.

So worried are they about his skill and ingenuity that they will swear that his scouting 'planes have frequently flown over Japan too high to be seen or heard, and that his pilots know every inch of the wooden Japanese cities.

★ ★ ★

Bluecher, like many great generals, is said to be a peaceful man. But if the Japanese attack him he is determined to launch out a great campaign from his base. That base is Vladivostok, and Vladivostok means "Conquest of the East."

Bluecher's air armada can reach every point of the heart of Japan's Empire in just under two hours.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

THESE "JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES" MUST STOP IT!

IT is to be hoped that the Government will find time soon to tackle the operations of an irrepressible body known variously as "Jehovah's Witnesses," the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, and the International Bible Students' Association.

It sets itself forth as a leading religious organisation with world-wide ramifications, and, from English headquarters in Craven Terrace, Paddington, London, pays area representatives in different parts of the country to spread its doctrines.

I cannot help noting the marked frequency with which men and women become "Jehovah's Witnesses" immediately they are due to register for National Service.

Unlike all genuine conscientious objectors, they apparently lack the courage to make an individual stand and rush to the cloak offered by the "Jehovah's Witness" organisation.

Anyone is accepted into its ranks—it claims 2,000,000 followers—and newly enrolled "witnesses" at once set about the task of selling literature and recruiting new members.

"Canting Humbugs"

Statistics are naturally hard to obtain, but since March over 30 "Jehovah's Witnesses" have appeared before Conscientious Objectors' Tribunals in the Manchester district alone.

Many others have appeared elsewhere, and scores have been prosecuted in the North, the Midlands, and in London, for either disobeying Ministry of Labour orders regarding war work or for refusing to undergo medical examination prior to military service.

Scathing comments on the work of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society by magistrates, lawyers and Tribunal chairmen, too, are getting quite common.

"The man calls himself a 'Jehovah's Witness,'" said one the other day. "He is a member of a sect of canting, hypocritical humbugs who have commercialised religion in a most sordid manner.

"Apparently this man became a 'Jehovah's Witness' in September, 1939, which approximates with the outbreak of war."

Removing a "witness" from the C.O. Register, Judge Burgis at Liverpool recently said: "I think this man belongs to that unfortunately large body who join this organisation as a means of evading military service."

One magistrate said the body was "a national menace," and recommended that the Public Prosecutor be asked to turn his attention to its operations.

As a war time measure, Canada has made it an offence to become a "Jehovah's Witness."

Australia and New Zealand have banned the organisation completely—yet it can still carry on unhampered in Britain!

Young men, pestering householders with literature, carry portable gramophones and insist on playing over recorded messages from their leaders.

Able-bodied young men and women are going from door to door—even the smallest rural district does not escape their attentions—carrying portable gramophones, on which propaganda records are played to anyone who will listen.

Literature is also offered for sale.

To show how these canvassers work let me tell you about a strapping young "witness" of military age who called at a Morden house a few days ago.

When the occupier said he was not interested, the intruder became very rude.

Asked why he was not serving his country, he said: "I am a soldier of God."

"Well, I have two sons in the Army, and another in the R.A.F.," said the householder, "who are protecting men like you."

With an indifferent shrug of the shoulders the impudent "witness" retorted:

"If parents like you did not allow your sons to put on uniform the war would be over to-morrow."

Now, that young wastrel committed an offence under the Defence Regulations.

Any *private citizen* saying anything like that could have been arrested on the spot for disseminating harmful talk.

But statements of this kind are common to-day among canvassers of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, who go unmolested from door to door pushing their poisonous doctrines.

The founder of this organisation, Judge Rutherford, who died some time ago in a £15,000 mansion he had built from supporters' funds, was jailed during the last war for conspiring to obstruct recruiting for the American navy.

He appealed, and was released, after he had served nine months of his twenty years' sentence, which the Attorney-General by that time thought to be sufficient.

Widely Dispersed

Prosecutions in this country during the last few months arising out of C.O. Tribunal orders to "Jehovah's Witnesses" to report for service being ignored have taken place in Leeds, Birmingham, Stoke-on-Trent, Leicester, Sheffield, Coventry, Liverpool, Newcastle, Wolverhampton, Glasgow, Exeter, and, among other places, London. That shows how widely supporters are dispersed.

When the Minister of Home Security, Mr. Herbert Morrison, was asked in the House of Commons last March by Sir William Davison whether steps to suppress this body should not be taken, he agreed that "the potential dangers of the organisation, at any rate in war time, cannot be overlooked."

And he promised to take any action which might be deemed appropriate in the interests of national security.

I think action, and very drastic action, is needed *at once*.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. Hugh A. Bell, Main Street, Glasgow, S.E., receives this week's £1 1s. for information about a concern I have been watching for some time.

Send details to me about any matter requiring inquiry or editorial comment, marking envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

Phantom Publicity

BEWARE the bogus advertising agent who collects money in advance for advertisements that never appear.

He first approaches the local theatre or kinema manager and outlines his scheme.

It is to place special display boxes in cafés, hotels, and other vantage points in the town. Each box to contain small folders advertising the current show.

Having reached an agreement with the kinema or theatre management, the bogus agent then approaches tradespeople offering to place advertisements of their business on the display boxes.

The victims pay two guineas or more, but the promised advertising scheme never materialises.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Alec E. Alvarez, of Ingleby Road, Ilford, who described his business as "Advance Theatrical Publicity," has duped a lot of people.

In Bournemouth he outlined to local theatre and music-hall managers an ambitious scheme, which was just a variant of the old display box idea.

To one manager he offered to supply 6,000 advertising folders for insertion in the display boxes.

★ ★ ★

Alvarez then went to local traders offering to have their names advertised on the display boxes which were to appear in theatre and kinema vestibules, cafés and hotels.

When he had thus obtained money from about a dozen people he promptly disappeared.

Alvarez stayed at a local hotel and left without paying a bill for £11. As an added piece of impudence he departed with £3 borrowed from the hotel manager!

He has now been sentenced to six months' hard labour on sixteen charges of fraud and false pretences.

But there are a few more tricksters working the same racket who should be sent to keep Alvarez company in jail.

Spain's Plight Exposes Axis Cunning

TWO items of news, both about Spain, reached London within half an hour the other night.

One, from the Italian frontier, reported the arrival in Rome of Serrano Suner, Franco's Foreign Minister and brother-in-law, for discussion on the future partition of North Africa and the Spanish claims on a substantial slice of French Morocco.

The other, from Lisbon, revealed that the weekly food rations in Madrid could not be distributed owing to "special circumstances."

Nothing could better expose the whole bluff of Axis diplomacy than the coincidence of these two reports.

The crude truth was contained in the message from Lisbon, while the message from Rome was nothing but impertinent Fascist propaganda.

Spain has been living on the brink of starvation ever since the end of the civil war. Only the liberalism of the Allied blockade is saving that country from famine, epidemics and anarchy.

Nothing would be more natural if the present rulers of Spain were really neutral, as, for instance, Switzerland, Sweden or Portugal.

But Spain is not neutral. It is just "non-belligerent." It is a partner in the Berlin Anti-Comintern Pact.

Fighting for Hitler

It has officially encouraged the recruiting and dispatching of the so-called "Blue Divisions" of Falangist volunteers for Hitler's army on the Eastern Front.

Last year the official Falangist Party was also openly engaged in a fierce anti-British propaganda which culminated in riots before the British Embassy in Madrid. But this was soon curbed, after an unmistakable hint from London that the blockade would be tightened.

Serrano Suner's journey to Rome was another provocation.

It chiefly concerned Vichy France. But the Spanish Foreign Minister acted as Hitler's blackmail on Laval, as a willing tool in the Axis game, which aims at provoking a final breach between France and the Allies.

Why do the present rulers of Spain choose to play such a dangerous game?

Because they fear the internal consequences of a defeat of their protectors, Hitler and Mussolini.

That is why they are already considering a gradual evolution of their own Fascist regime towards a monarchist restoration.

In Rome lives Don Juan, the late King Alfonso's son. His claims are supported by international aristocratic and Roman Catholic circles, not only inside Spain and not only in the Axis camp.

I wonder whether the alternative—or perhaps even the real — purpose of Suner's visit to Rome was not to discuss with Don Juan the future regime of Spain rather than a theoretical partition of North Africa after an Axis victory.

But that is, for us, of comparatively small interest.

What matters much more is that the food reserves of Spain last exactly for a fortnight. The hitch in the distribution of the rations in Madrid the other week shows that not even that is assured.

France cannot side with the Axis, because the Axis cannot feed Spain.

All the rest is Fascist bluff and propaganda.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

"JOHN BULL" SHORT STORY

WHISPER OF THE SHELL

By W. A. SWEENEY

I PREDICTED before we left Dublin that it was going to be a rough crossing to Liverpool, and when we were about half-way across I realised I was a better prophet than a mariner.

I am a good sailor in so far as I don't turn green, pray for death, and ask despairingly of heaven why they don't build these steamers twenty times bigger instead of forcing people to risk their lives in a frail, perilous craft that dances about like an old hat in the water.

No, I'm not as bad as that, but I confess to an unwonted solemnity, a tendency to ponder on the savage might of the elements when that roll and d-i-i-ip business begins, with the banging of doors and the crash of falling luggage, and when you look at the waves you are reminded of a gigantic, hungry monster, galloping with you, knot by knot, and straining at some fearful elemental leash (that screams like the wind) to get at you and swallow you up, "body, bones and hymn-book, too."

In such cases I like to chat with a sailor. If I can get hold of a sailor at such moments I cling to him as to a floating spar, listening with appreciation to his opinions on all subjects—delivered with superb indifference to the raging of the storm fiend—though at other times it is possible his discourse might charm me about as much as a creaking door.

I had been eyeing a blue-eyed, sailorly looking passenger, who had passed and repassed me on the deck about ten times, and I stopped to ask a match of him.

"Bad crossing," I said, groping with my foot for the deck, which seemed to have dropped, suddenly, down the hold, or somewhere.

He laughed like the skipper of the schooner *Hesperus*.

"A bit breezy," he replied, "but that blows the fog out of your lungs. Not accustomed to the sea, perhaps?"

"Not in the way it seems to expect of me," I replied. He looked like a ship's officer—cargo ship, probably, I concluded. He was wearing a blue suit under his overcoat and a thick, warm-looking blue jersey under his jacket. I envied him. The sea has no terrors for these heroes, and his laugh had done me a power of good.

"THE sea," he observed musingly, as we passed a bit to starboard and to shelter, "I suppose it is in my blood. I was first drawn to the sea in a rather curious manner. My parents lived in a small inland town, and I never saw the sea before I was eleven—or, perhaps, ten. One day, when I was about eight, my aunt took me to visit a friend of hers, and I was horsing about the room trying to amuse myself, while my aunt and her friend were chatting, and on a sideboard I came across a shell.

"'That's a sea-shell, Tommy,' said my aunt's friend. 'If you put it to your ear you'll hear the sound of the sea.'

"I put the shell to my ear and listened entranced. I heard the ceaseless roar and tumble and wash of the waves and fancied I could hear the wind. I was transfixed, fascinated by this shell that whispered to my small ears of that mighty thing called the ocean that I only knew from geography books.

"'And is that what the sea sounds like?' I asked, awestruck.

"My aunt's friend nodded.

"'Why,' I said, putting the shell to my ear again, 'I believe I can hear the big ships going up and down, far, far away, and the noise of the sea-birds that teacher told us about.'

"Then my aunt's friend, who was a kindly woman, very fond of me, began to tell me more about the sea, while I stood clutching my precious shell.

She told me of the vast oceans, of the other wonderful shells at the bottom of the deep, of the strange creatures that dwell in its caves and walk upon its floor, of the great fishes and crustacea, and the ports that send enormous vessels to sail thousands of miles to bring back thousands of tons of merchandise from the cities of the East and the West, and, as she spoke, I put the shell to my ear, every now and then, and seemed to hear and see the bubbling of that cauldron of activity which is the world's maritime commerce.

"'You'll be putting ideas in his head, Mrs. Rathbone,' said my aunt. 'His grandfather was a sailor, you know.'"

MY friend paused here to light his pipe, and I smiled as I said:

"Aye, that fact and the shell would be enough to decide *your* calling, I dare say."

He puffed hard to get his pipe going. "Perhaps it wouldn't have if she hadn't given me the shell before I came away.

"I kept that shell near my bed where I could see it last thing at night and first thing in the morning. I thought it beautiful and wonderful. When I was unhappy I would go and put it to my ear and be immediately transported, as if on a magic carpet, to the home of my shell.

"Well, that shell—I have it yet—decided my destiny, my walk in life, and I have reason to be grateful to Mrs. Rathbone, who gave it to me and who kept me from going into a coal office where my father worked and—but here we are at Liverpool."

We had indeed arrived. "It is strange what little things decide the course of a man's life," I said as we prepared to land. "A word dropped in the ear of a child, a book he finds in the attic one wet day—and you have a Michelangelo, a Milton, or a Nelson saved from the accounts department of a cheese factory. Now, your shell——"

"By the way, I live in Liverpool," he said, interrupting. "Quite near the docks. If you're not in a hurry, come and have a drink with me. No doubt you need it after that crossing."

As we walked along some streets I pondered on that mystery—the Awakening of Vocation. Listening to a shell at the age of eight in a small parlour, I mused, was all that was needed to send this man sailing up and down the globe, swelling that vast and glorious fleet of our merchant seamen.

"And you still have your shell?" I asked.

"It's my mascot," he replied.

"You've never parted from it?"

"Never."

"I suppose you take it with you on your voyages?"

He looked at me slightly puzzled. "What voyages?"

"Well, to sea with you."

"I don't quite get you."

"On your voyages—as a sailor, I mean," I explained, a trifle impatiently. "Up and down the oceans."

He had stopped, having evidently arrived at his destination.

"Who told you I was a sailor?" he asked. "I have to go over to Dublin, once in a while, on business of my wife's, but that's as far afield as I've ever been. *I'm* no sailor. Never was. This is my business."

I looked where he was pointing proudly, and saw a prosperous-looking bar in which waiters were busily opening oysters and cutting brown bread. All around the walls were shells, oyster shells, mussel shells, whelk shells—all varieties of shells, and one special, pearly, twisted shell isolated in a small glass case in the centre of the wall above the bar.

Human Machine

SMOOTH RUNNING

IT'S queer how often novelists pin-point the essentials of life in a few words. Frequently they say more in a sentence than many a learned professor has expressed in a ponderous tome.

Yet maybe it's not so queer, for to write a good novel you have to study your fellow-men and women pretty closely, and you can't study human beings for long without getting a good idea of what sort of behaviour matters.

In one of his books the late Major P. C. Wren makes a character say: "It is easy to belittle charm, and say that it so often goes with insincerity; but it is not easy to estimate the amount of real good that a charming person does merely by being charming.

"The person who habitually and constantly drops lubricating oil into the machinery of life does as useful a work for the society in which he moves as does the engineer for the engine he oils."

Now that's true, and goes very deep into human relationships—especially that last sentence.

You see, you simply can't move around in this world without having some effect on those with whom you come into contact.

You can either irritate them, or you can soothe them; you can either harmonise with them or you can jar on them; you can either drop bits of grit into their mental machinery, or drops of oil.

Tolerance towards other people's point of view, respect for opinions that differ from yours, recognition of other people's rights—these are the things that make for smooth running. So it's up to you.

WE'RE GETTING WISER NOW!

THE Brains Trust, asked the other week to explain why no first-class popular song has come out of the war, rather fell down on the job.

I think the answer is obvious.

War is nothing to make a song about. But once it appeared to be. Yes, *appeared* to be. Things are as they seem, and other wars never seemed to be quite real in this country.

★ ★ ★

I can remember the Boer War chiefly as an excuse for half-holidays and "do's." You wore coloured ribbons and let off fireworks and made a din. If you were old enough you went round to the local and drank too much and sang "Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you." Or "Good-bye, my Bluebell."

It was all a wonderful sing-song. When I grew up the nearest thing to the Boer War on the home front that I ever discovered was the seaside carnival.

The war, the actual fighting and dying, was a long way off. Unless you were actually in South Africa it wasn't really your department. All you could do was make a song about it.

Habits cling, and the last war (sometimes called the Last War!) started where the Boer War started, in the sing-song department. Another war, chaps! Another rousing chorus!

So we all went round to the local and drank too much and sang "It's a long way to Tipperary," and "Gilbert the Filbert."

That was in 1914. Those two songs were the smash-hits of that autumn. 1915 gave us "The Bing Boys" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

But I wonder what 1918 gave us? I cannot remember. I doubt if 1918 gave us anything. Anything, I mean, that could be called a popular war-time song. Because by 1918 the war, in this country, had become nothing to make a song about.

And in 1939 it all began again. . .

A few people didn't see the change at first. They thought 1914 had come back. But it was 1918 which had come back. They attempted to foist such works of art as "We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line" on us.

★ ★ ★

But, without quite knowing why, we weren't having any. It was instinctive, *and the instinct was right.* For the first time in our island history war was looked on as something more than a Big Show.

We knew we should have to do more than sing pretty little songs about it; and we saw this before the song-writers.

We're getting wiser. We shall sing loudly enough when the right moment comes!

WILL SCOTT.

ARE MASTERS RIGHT IN CANING BOYS

By HUMANIST

SEVERAL parents have written lately to ask whether schoolmasters have the right to cane children, but the question cannot be answered with a plain "Yes" or "No." A famous judge decided that they have this right, and his ruling is accepted.

But local education authorities often make by-laws on the subject. In some areas only the head of the school may inflict punishment, and particulars have to be entered in a special book.

In most places caning is allowed only for moral offences. It is obviously unfair to punish a boy for getting his sums wrong or for failing to remember the capital of Irak.

"Teachers at my son's school," *writes one parent*, "are always boxing boys' ears."

"He is a good lad, thinks the world of his mother, and will do anything for her. When the school master boxed his ears to-day my wife went to the school about it.

"She was told that if the children don't do as they are told they must be punished.

"My wife was also told that if she took the case to court she could not do anything as the school authorities had the law on their side. Is this really true, 'Humanist'? If it is, then it is about time the law was altered."

Exasperation may tempt teachers to strike backward boys, but that is just the reason why they must check themselves so carefully

A schoolmaster may inflict moderate and reasonable punishment if it is deserved, but if it is excessive he may be sued for damages.

Boxing a boy's ears is a most dangerous practice. It may cause intense pain and a lifetime of deafness.

The real harm is not the blow of hand on ear but the sudden compression of air within the ear itself. This may cause a perforation of the drum.

No one should ever do it. Neither schoolmaster nor parent has the right to do that sort of thing.

A doctor would most certainly condemn this practice. And I cannot believe that any magistrates would condone it.

That schoolmaster must be made to stop that type of punishment forthwith. It can be done.

NOW back to the home.

"As a child I spent the most important years of my life in a home for cripples," *says a woman reader.* "I was brought up on strict lines, being taught the virtue of tidiness, and never to expect other people to do what I could do for myself.

"These early habits have remained with me, but my sister—a widow, who works hard for a living—has two daughters, the elder a fine big girl who has just started to earn.

"My sister thinks she ought to help in the home a little in the evenings. I am bound to say I agree, and suggest that the girl might help two nights a week and have the other five free for recreation.

"But people say my outlook is too narrow and that for girls to do housework when they have a job is not the fashion to-day. They tell me it just isn't done.

"I am beginning to wonder whether my ideas are all wrong, or whether it is the modern parents who are wrong. I should be grateful if you would give your opinion."

Of course the girl should help her mother. She ought not to need asking. Her mother is out working all day, and five free evenings a week ought to be good enough for anybody. The mother would be thankful for one night a week.

THE next problem comes from a man in his thirties.

"All my life I have been a John Bull sort of person," *he writes*, "and I always say straight out what I think.

"I never talk behind anyone's back; I tell him to his face! Some people admire me for my straightforwardness, but the majority say I am always creating trouble.

"My wife disagrees with me. She is just the opposite to myself. She will put up with anything rather than say outright what she feels, and she says I ought to do the same to keep the peace.

"She often reads me bits from books and papers which prove that my way of living makes one unpopular, and at last I am beginning to think she may be right.

"I should very much like to know your opinion."

There are times when it is necessary to speak out, to "let them have it straight from the shoulder," and in these cases it would be futile to wrap things up in polite language.

It is good to be truthful, honest, and forthright; but in normal everyday life I think these qualities should be accompanied by tact and a certain amount of human kindliness.

One can go too far in either direction. A gentle hint is often more effective than a bludgeon attack.

IF YOU ARE QUOTED

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW—IV

Puzzle Corner of

MAURICE FAGENCE, continuing his fascinating stories of troops you don't often read about in the official reports of battles, takes you this week to a Corps which is probably the most deceptive of all

I AM going to keep back for a moment the name of the particular branch of the British Army I have been living with for the best part of this week.

I am going to give you three pictures—and invite you to have three guesses.

First picture is of men with black faces and tangles of undergrowth about them lying within a few feet of machine-guns that are spitting streams of fire bullets a few inches over their heads.

Grenades burst violently at their feet.

With perfect discipline no harm can befall these big, bronzed fellows.

Second picture is of young officers. They have vices as hands when it comes to a shake. They've all tasted active service in this war. And they're looking forward to more.

Many, transferred from other units, hated turning their backs on their old regiments, but say to-day: "I don't mind a bit, now. There's no grander crowd in the British Army than this."

Proud of 'Em

Last snapshot is of a boyish-looking colonel who says (and examine his words carefully for clues):

"We weren't supplied from the ordinary intake of recruits at one time. We are to-day, and I am proud of the men they are sending me. Go and talk to 'em—see if you don't agree with me when I say that I believe I am now getting the most intelligent men that are being called up."

Well, what branch of the Service do you think I am referring to? Guards? Commandos? Household Cavalry? Parashots?

I'll tell you, Pioneers!

I will forgive you any illusions you happen to have had about them, for I had these same illusions till I toured their camps over hundreds of square miles of Britain.

How They Started

Yes, they used to be a collection of hardy old veterans, with breasts alight with medal ribbons, but with fingers showing all too often the ravages of rheumatism. But to-day——

But first, perhaps, I ought to tell you their story.

The Pioneer Corps started in this war with a nucleus of 1,500 reservists, all hardy old veterans, all fighters, but all secretly breaking their hearts.

Then came the news that the Pioneer Corps was going to be armed and fight like the rest of the Army.

A special appeal went out for "old sweats," and they poured to the Colours, seizing almost greedily the rifles they were handed.

Grand Deeds

They unloaded the ammunition trains in France—often under fire. They carried petrol into vast underground dumps and laughed at the Jerries who came over to find the stuff.

Whatever hard manual toil the Army wanted, they did it. Did it when the bombing was such that everywhere where British khaki was to be found was the battle line.

Then, when the German hordes swept round the Maginot Line, their chance came—and they seized it.

Official records of the great retreat will tell you of some of the big things they did. I will content myself with a few sentences from some of the old sweats I met during my tour of their camps:

"We were loading ammunition. We saw the French coming back, cluttering the roads till an army could hardly move.

"The firing came nearer. We dropped on our bellies and let them have it.

From another: "We fought our way back to the Seine. There was nothing you could do in all that muddle but to keep on firing at Germans.

"In the end we had to blow a huge bridge up to stop them.

And from one more of many: "We had an officer with pretty well every decoration that was going. He told us we were going to hold the La Bassee canal till our Regulars got over.

"We did. We played hell with Jerry; then, our job done, swam back to our lines."

Then there was Dunkirk.

We put one of our most brilliant experts in the mechanisation of cavalry—a good, hard fighter—at the head of the A.M.P.C.

Those initials dismayed him. Why should his men be insulted with the name "Auxiliary"?

So the word went—and the title became "Pioneer Corps."

So our Pioneers began to get their recruits from normal intake; as other units do.

Many hardy old warriors had to drop out—for Anno Domini is a bitter, implacable enemy. And with hordes of young men coming in, the percentage of "old sweats" became very small.

Splendidly Trained

And so the Corps has progressed until, to-day, 99 per cent. of it is made up of good, fit, fighting lads, and many of its companies are as well trained as the best among our infantry.

And youth, fitness and sound training are necessary. Labour in these days of mechanisation is more vital to an army than ever before.

Most of it has got to be intelligent labour. And all of it has got to fight.

Now a few more snapshots resulting from my tour.

I reached one camp where the men were drilling with the precision of some great thousand-limbed machine.

Dinner was being served in five minutes. Would some of them volunteer to give half an hour's Commando show in their own time?

First volunteer was a Court hair-

IT'S SURPRISING

IT'S surprising what we can do when we make up our minds to begin, the things that we can achieve, and the victories that we can win. The hold on Life we can get though we seem to be down and out, and the strength we get when we go ahead and ignore the barriers of doubt.

IT'S surprising the friends we make when a friend we set out to be, and the points we can get cleared up that have been such a mystery. And the chances that come our way which before we scarcely saw and it's surprising to find the Hero in folk we'd sort of despised before War.

IT'S surprising how little we need to make Life good to live, how we find that it's not what we take, but the things of the heart which we give; that alters our outlook and lifts us out of Life's commonplace, it's surprising that when we use our soul all else becomes touched with its grace.

IT'S surprising how much we can bear when we're troubled and deeply dismayed, it's surprising the suffering and love it takes before Life's Pattern is made. And it's surprising how Laughter and Joy out of sad days evolve, for it's surprising how Life will come Right, when we make Life's Right Resolve.

J. M.

To-day's Army

Some of the soldiers about whom you have three guesses

…neer. And although the display en-…ed climbing 12-ft. walls in full kit, …wling through hollow trees, crossing …ines by rope, taking deer-leaps from …at heights, and facing the ordeal of …chine-gun fire and bursting bombs, …a man wanted to be left out.

"They'll do anything to remove the …ular misconception about Pioneers," …d their officer.

Snappy Work

…went to one place where 300 …neers are building a camp.

…They'd been on the job a week, and …eady it began to look like a camp. …t was here that I was asked to notice …w intelligent most of the men were. …ason: Many of them are debarred …er units in the British Army for one …all physical disability—the type of …sight weakness that comes from over-…dy.

…They don't want a sedentary life, and …they go to the Pioneers—happy to be …e to drill like guardsmen.

…There are many Pioneer companies …de up exclusively of Germans and …lians. There are Austrians, too. And at least one Spanish company. Many of the old Spanish Foreign Legion are in it. And quite a number of Spanish internees in France who, having pleaded in vain with one of our generals for a chance to go to England, when the Germans were sweeping into France, managed to find their way here unaffied.

There are Britons who cannot read or write. But any army needs something more than brains.

Very brilliantly the Director of this vast Corps welds them into the organisation so that they are as useful as the next man.

As the man in charge of Britain's *mobile* labour—so important in days of super-mobile armies—he has room for all sorts and conditions of men.

But one thing he insists on: they must be soldiers. They must be no less proud of their Corps than men serving in regiments steeped in tradition. And they must have the guts to fight.

But all that is true of our Pioneers, now working or fighting from Iceland down to the Southern Seas. I know it is true now that I have met them.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

…E GAS VANS BETTER THAN …REET TESTS ?

Some local authorities, which apparently like play-acting and …ight in the game of catching people …hout their masks, have held practice …rcises in which tear gas has suddenly …n released in the street.

…More sane bodies persuade people …out the need for having their gas-…sks tested individually.

…The bolgney of the scare-tests is proved …the fact that, when I faced the Royal …mily and all the Ambassadors and …nisters on United Nations Day, I …iced that the only civilian carrying a …-mask was the Prime Minister!

…Sudden street tests cause a minor …ic, and are forgotten the next day.

…AN WE LEARN FROM THE …ST WAR ?

I suppose we could; but I don't think …we have.

…There was the same coal trouble last …e, due partly to the same cause, that …ners needed in the pits were put in …Army.

…The fact that our shells, last time, were …-fashioned, should have warned us …t our tanks might be old-fashioned …s time.

…Still, on the other side, we must re-…mber that a war is won by the last …tle, and that even after towns had …n captured and recaptured in France …d Flanders several times, it is losses …men and material and not losses in …ritory that count in the end.

What are Germany's losses on the Eastern Front?

WHAT IS GERMANY'S MASTER PLAN ?

● If you look at a map you can guess that, not working separately, as we thought, but with a joint plan, the Axis hopes to cut the world in halves.

While the Germans, by way of the Caucasus, plan to get round Turkey, Japan strikes north, hoping to join the Germans by way of India.

Churchill is blamed for having frittered away his resources on sending help to all and sundry. But the British Empire was so widespread that it demanded more ships and more arms than we had got.

Supplies meant for Libya had to go to India. They had to go to Australia. Then also Russia wanted them.

The Axis was in the middle. We were on the rims.

ARE SECRET SESSIONS BAD ?

● When, every now and then, the Government has been criticised, it has conceded a debate, but insisted on a secret session.

The latest suggestion for a secret session was on our shipping shortage.

Now, if the facts of the sinkings on the American side have been published in the American newspapers, why does the Government want to tell our M.P.s the figures in secret?

This is the last country in the world where secret sessions should be held.

Secret sessions cause complacency. Frankness would stimulate and inspire.

ONE GUINEA will now be paid for each FORCES LETTER published —and more if a good adventure story is used at greater length. All Forces letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE of the TROOPS

***WHEN** the Brains Trust was asked, recently, how British people could entertain American and other troops visiting this country, with food rationed and drinks so dear, an American replied from across the Atlantic.*

Just a peep of home life, he said, and they would be grateful enough. They would understand.

Shall we do it? For we have a lot to repay to others who are looking after our boys abroad, as the following letter from Leading Aircraft Mackinlay to his parents at Firpark Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow, will show:

I have just returned to my training in Canada, where the hospitality is just wonderful, from my first visit to the United States.

Whenever we went into an American restaurant the people wouldn't let us pay our bills.

We went to one town where a Norwegian insisted on paying our bill on learning that we were R.A.F.

Wherever there was dancing, we were admitted free. We could walk in and out just as it pleased us.

We went to North Dakota University Campus, and I was taking a picture when the door opened and 18 college girls looked out and invited us in.

If we had been earlier we could have shared their Easter dinner!

TEMPTATION

We like to give the names of writers of Service letters, unless there is a real reason why we shouldn't. But here's a case where it wouldn't be fair to the writer:

The chap in the next bed had been issued with two pairs of boots that were hard and unyielding. Mine were as comfortable as any millionaire's, and my friend beseeched a "swap."

Then, one day, when I hadn't a bean, temptation came. We exchanged a pair. And a piece of silver passed from his hand to mine.

Horror, what a result! I stood before my superiors and heard the dreadful accusation: "For selling W.D. property —viz., one pair of boots, ankle."

I felt like a contagious thing. My hands were sticky. To think that an intelligent, well-educated man should be on the wrong side of the law. I saw the shadow of prison looming before me—the Glasshouse. Was it really so awful there?

Surely my parents would hear—my boss, too—what a mess I had made of my life.

No, I had nothing to say in defence. So the Voice of Doom began to speak.

"Criminal offence. . . . Must be punished. . . . An intelligent man should know. . . . And the sentence would be . . ."

A few days confined to barracks. A bit of silver stopped from my pay. Oh, boy; oh, boy—no Glasshouse, after all. And old Dave would love to swap my spare jersey for his own. That'll help make the money up, and I won't be caught next time."

FAMILY MEETING

In the heart of the Libyan desert a British fighter pilot met a desert-rat, according to Mrs. L. Carter, of Yeo Wall Road, Barnstaple.

The desert-rat (her own description) was her husband, one of the drivers who have done such great work in tank battles. And the fighter pilot was her son.

And here are extracts from the two enthusiastic letters which tell her of the meeting:

From the Son:

It was about four in the afternoon when a voice called my name. I was lying on the bed reading. And when I looked out, there was Pop and his platoon sergeant.

He hasn't altered much. His hair is getting white in parts, but that's all. He also had his third "tape," so we went into the mess to celebrate.

He was introduced to most of the chaps and seemed surprised at their attitude. Shaking hands with officers, it seems, is beyond Army regulations—but the R.A.F. is different.

He stayed for dinner, and we stand a very good chance of getting leave together.

From the Father:

It was April 1 when I met him—no April Fool's Day for me.

He is in the best of health and has a beard. Can you imagine your baby with a beard? But he is in the best of health, and very happy with the crowd.

We left the pilots' mess with my pal holding a dozen eggs and umpteen bottles of beer. He sat on the eggs, later—so there was no egg for breakfast.

And now for the sequel: Mrs. Carter has since learned that father and son had leave together—among the Pyramids!

IT'S REAL LIFE NOW

We have received one letter on notepaper specially printed by the Italian government for the "Iti" troops.

It is not from a Fifth Columnist. It was captured stuff, and on it Lieutenant D. Pringuer, R.A.S.C. (in peace time a film actor known as Dave Pringle) writes to a friend:

I have covered pretty well everywhere in Africa where the Italians have been.

We have seen some real-life Denham or Pinewood sets—Beau Geste forts with flag flying and bodies lying around, with sentries patrolling, and miles of sand in every direction.

Worst of all this for me is that I am always expecting somebody to shout: "On the set, please!"

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

HEAVY smokers don't need as many sweets as non-smokers. So why not lump tobacco and confectionery together for rationing under the points system.—M. Parry, St. Catherine's Drive, Old Colwyn, N. Wales.

* * *

Medical Council punishes doctors who wilfully keep a fit man out of the Army, but not those who wilfully push an unfit man in.—L. R., Salisbury.

* * *

Civil defence workers now wear so many different uniforms that when they appear in procession they look like fancy dress parades. Why is uniform no longer uniform?—R. W. Tuck, Carleton Avenue, Wallington, Surrey.

* * *

Government should tell local authorities about the necessity of saving rubber. They put down more razor-edged chippings than ever. Tyres tear out, not wear out.—F. Wood, Rugby.

Make the MOST of MILK

Here's the way to make cocoa with a minimum amount of milk. For each cup you mix a teaspoonful of cocoa and a little boiling water with 1½ teaspoonfuls of sugar into a thick paste. Then fill up with boiling water and finally add two or three teaspoonfuls of cold milk.

Used in this way Bournville Cocoa helps to eke out your limited milk supplies.

And, by the way, it keeps better in a tin

BOURNVILLE COCOA 5D PER ¼ LB

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

YOUR WASHING LOOKS A TREAT. BUT I BET YOU USED ALL YOUR RATION!
GOODNESS, NO! IT TOOK EVER SUCH A LITTLE RINSO — I USED THE NEW LESS-WATER WASHING METHOD — IT'S GRAND! IT SAVES FUEL, TOO!

SINCE soap rationing came in, *crowds* of housewives have taken up the Rinso less-water washing method! Now they admit they manage quite easily with their ration and their washing looks as nice as ever it did.

In addition, they're saving fuel—coal, gas or electricity—and that's in the National interest as well as their own.

This is how you do the wash with the Rinso less-water method!

Just Cover the Clothes

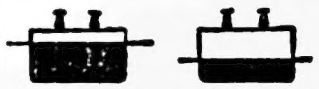
You sort out your whites and you make sufficient suds just to cover them when they're well pressed down. You use the water in the hot tap and Rinso—no boiling's needed and no heating up.

The less water you use, the less Rinso you need. Remember, it's only necessary to have just enough suds to cover the clothes.

After a 12-minute soak in these suds and a quick wash through, the whites are done. Now you can put your coloureds *into the same suds* and give them a 12-minute soak, too.

Saves Fuel

By this method you not only use very little Rinso but you use very little hot water. And as there's no boiling,



either, you're not burning any extra fuel for the whole washing!

If you're not already using this method, do try it next Monday. Of course, Rinso *does* all your washing, and the washing-up, too.

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 12 oz. packet (2 coupons) 7d. 6 ozs. (1 coupon) 3½d. (Weights nett when manufactured.)

No Boiling—Rinso Soaks Clothes Clean

R 3148-9

R. S. Hudson Limited

THE LAST LAUGH

M. Y. (Tottenham).—"Many shops have no cups in stock, but plenty of saucers." This fact, coupled with the announcement that supplies of milk are now unrestricted, has caused optimism in feline circles.

ANGLER (Felixstowe).—"I had no luck and caught nothing all day, so I sent a small boy to buy some fish to show the wife. But my ruse was unsuccesaful." Why, did he bring kippers?

N. U. (Cirencester).—"Do not throw away left-over cold rissoles. They can be converted into a tasty meat pie." And if any of the meat pie is left it can be converted into tasty rissoles.

H. L. (Accrington).—"Circus folk are generally happily married and don't mind showing it." A lady trapeze artist never refuses to hold her husband's hand at a critical moment of their performance.

A. K. (Yeovil).—"When I was in a concert party in 1927, we were joined for a week by a tenor and a man who played for him. On the Saturday the tenor disappeared with the box-office receipts." Accompanied by his friend at the piano?

C. T. (Southampton).—"I once had to pay a doctor three guineas to get my hiccups stopped." How much did it cost you to start them?

F. R. (Windsor).—"In an article comparing Hitler with Hannibal, the writer remarks that Hannibal relied to a great extent on the elephant." Hitler, of course, has Goering.

E. P. (Harringay).—"My experience is that nothing can be regarded as lost for good." Will you please let us have the name of your laundry?

Mrs. A. (Haslingden).—"As a housewife, my work is never done." Well, you'll have to make a start sooner or later.

G. W. (Aberystwyth).—"Isn't it strange to arrest a man at a cricket match just as he is walking towards the pavilion after finishing his innings?" Perhaps he had been stealing some runs.

D. S. (Littlehampton).—"Before the war I wrote a book about my experiences as an angler, but I was unable to find a copy in the public library." Did you think of looking in the fiction department?

PILOT (East Coast).—"I look upon my Spitfire as my greatest friend." We trust you will never fall out.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Commando?"

Side-Slips

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"After the battle of Narvik they served as WINE sweepers with the Royal Navy for two years."

THE SWINDON EVENING ADVERTISER:—"... one delegate said that, as an employer of civilian and military labour, he knew of a CAKE in which, out of 9,000 workers, 6,000 came from Southern Ireland."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"The bench said defendant had acted more like a FOOD than a knave."

THE LEVEN MAIL:—"The girls of the corps proved very efficient HOSTAGES, and a most pleasant evening was had by the large company."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"During April, Nazis hanged six Russian VILLAGES in the Kharkov area because they dug up potatoes without permission."

GREATEST OF THESE

● We plead this week for a widow of sixty-seven, who has lived a hard, uncomplaining life against great odds.

Her late husband fought in the Boer War; one of her sons served in the first Great War and one year of the present, since when he has been discharged physically unfit. Her other son is married, but owing to pulmonary tuberculosis has been unable to work for the past seven years.

Mrs. Gallacher is now almost blind in one eye and her general health is very poor.

Her total income is 15s. a week, out of which she pays 4s. 6d. rent.

Will our readers send what they can to make the future a little brighter for this distressed woman?

All donations earmarked "Gallacher" or for our General Fund should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,328

FIRST PRIZE £50

Mrs. V. J. Eather, "Rosedene," Northfield Avenue, Pleasley Vale, Mansfield, Notts, for this "Bullet":

TIME TO SING WHEN ALLIES "CALL TUNE"

£20: W. B. Courtney, 12, Norbury Court Road, Norbury, S.W.16.
Before We Near—Joyballs, "Pulling Together" Essential.

£10: P. Warrender, 42, Farmlio Road, Leyton, E.17.
Hoping For The Best—Both Ends Of Queue!

£5: H. Rimmer, 20, Stanley Park, Litherland, Liverpool.
Utility Dress—Lengthening Britannia's "Rule-Skirt Train."

£4: Miss E. Hudson, 10, Stanley Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Different Story—Had He Bet "William."

£3: W. Swainston, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea.
Time To Strike—Now—For Better Ape.

£2: W. T. Mills, 120, Stockfield Road, Hastings.
Result Of The Nation's—Economics, Bombers "Going Farther."

20s.: S. Morgan, 106, Kimberley Road, South, Cardiff.
Forgetting Her Light—Foundations, Japs "Started Earthquake."

20s.: J. Widdowson, Kingsway Hospital, Kingsway, Derby.
Company Comedian—Sergeant—That's Company's Tragedy!

20s.: J. E. Crump, 47, Pulgrim Road, Liverpool.
Utility Dress—"Buds" Helping War Effort.

20s.: G. Feniston, 13, Imperial Crescent, Doncaster, Yorks.
Utility Dress—Fewer "Better-halves" Too, Garden's.

20s.: A. G. Beaumont, 63, Bolton Street, Brixham, Devon.
For The Services—Neighbour's Piano—Dogs' Gas Cleared!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 5s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 290

WINNING WORDS: 1. Chasm. 2. Beast. 3. Arid. 4. Chair. 5. Hover. 6. Gall. 7. Marvel. 8. Scrap. 9. Cane. 10. Pen. 11. Blind. 12. Rob. 13. Glass. 14. Barter.

£100 SHARERS: J. Kennedy, 42, Tarleton Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth; Mrs. B. Lane, Little Hereford, Ludlow, Salop.

Awards value £95 shared between 19 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

RELIEF *and* HEALING

Dettol Ointment calms and re-ves the irritation of septic skin orders. *But, what is even more portant*, it sinks deeply into the flamed tissue and there attacks d destroys the germs which are e cause of the inflammation, and hich by their poisons make healing th difficult and slow.

Here then is an ointment which hts for you—fights to relieve you om the pain and torment of those stinate skin disorders which are used or aggravated by germ in-ction. From the moment you ply this new actively antiseptic tment it works surely, gently, d actively till all septic hindrance clean, safe healing is removed.

Dettol Ointment marks a new departure in the treatment of skin affections. It contains the active germicidal principle of 'Dettol,' the antiseptic which is used in all our great hospitals.

From all chemists, 1/5 includes tax

DETTOL OINTMENT

Healing & Actively Brand Antiseptic

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity), *Including Purchase Tax*. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ (*Including Purchase Tax*). Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

FALSE TEETH

Are you denture-conscious?

Provided a dental plate fits properly the wearer should not be reminded of its presence in the mouth. To make false teeth fit firmly and comfortably sprinkle KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE on the contact surface of the plate. Also do not neglect regular cleaning but keep your denture in hygienic condition by brushing after meals with KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER*.

Obtainable from all Chemists

Fixative 1/3d & 3/3d. Powder 1/3d

CASH £325 for XWORDS and BULLETS

and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £225 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 280, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 SQUARE PEG IN ROUND HOLE SHOULD ALWAYS BE GIVEN THIS	CHAN E			
2 BOXER'S OFTEN HELPS HIM TO INCREASE HIS SAVINGS	I N			
3 MEN SEEM TO GO MUCH LOWER THAN WOMEN DO WHEN THEY	SIN			
4 REASON FOR ITS BLACKNESS IS OBVIOUS	CO L			
5 OFTEN MEANING OF THIS ISN'T AS CLEAR AS IT SHOULD BE	SIG			
6 THERE'S SOMETHING UNPLEASANT ABOUT SUCH A PERSON	S Y			
7 IS CERTAIN TO BE STRONGLY CRITICISED	RE			
8 IT'S NOTHING UNUSUAL TO BE SERVED WITH THESE IN SOME CAFES	SNA LS			
9 LANDLORD LIKES TO GET TENANT ON ONE	LEAS			
10 KEEN SIGHT MAY MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU TO SEE THROUGH THIS	HA E			
11 IT'S HARD TO GET AS MUCH WORK DONE WHEN HANDS DO THIS	CHA			
12 SUCH PEOPLE OFTEN LOOK RIGHT OUT OF THE PICTURE	O D			
13 TO DO THESE REQUIRES KNACK AND QUICKNESS	CH PS			
14 FEEBLE ACT MAY EASILY MAR PRODUCTION OF	STA E			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated July 25.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JULY 13

Signed .....

Address.....

284

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY at foot of column

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Aug. 1, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS — 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

WORLD WE DREAM OF
MUST NOT BE
COME WHAT MAY
THE NAZI GANGSTERS
PLACE IN THE SUN
GOING TO BITS
IN DOUBLE HARNESS
TOO MANY PEOPLE
OFFICE PESSIMIST
NOT YET
TO SAVE FUEL
BETTER PAY
FOR THE CHILDREN

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, July 24. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,328th Contest on page 14.

STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL
FEELING A LOT HAPPIER
WHEN THE WAR'S WON
FREEDOM'S IN PERIL, YET
IT CAN BE DONE, BUT
IN THE ARMY
WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

FRUITS OF .....
VICTORY OVER .....
MAN WE .....
WON'T STOP THE .....
STICKING TO HIS .....
GAVE DAD A .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 25.

P.O. Value.....

No. ..... Closing Postmark 1,332 Monday, July 13.

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Bullets" No. 1,332 *or* Xword No. 284, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2 (Comp.).

ADDRESS ENTRY

Proof of 'ASPRO' Service!

hard to pick and choose n the masses of unsolicited utes to 'ASPRO' that flow in by every ll. Thousands write gratefully about the vice 'ASPRO' has rendered them. They prompted by the desire to help others by ing their own living experiences. Every letter tains a message of hope and comfort for ne sufferer. We publish those we think will the greatest good to the greatest number of ders. At the moment, everyone is all out to duce the nation's vital needs. People need edom from the petty restraints of pain d minor ills—freedom to "get on with the ." The following letters tell you better than words of ours how 'ASPRO' plays its part saves time, money and lying-up.

Accumulated Evidence from LIFE itself!

These Letters contain a *HELPFUL MESSAGE for THOUSANDS!*

'ASPRO' tablets four tablespoonfuls water make an ex-lent gargle for sore oat, tonsillitis, etc., and act as a deterrent.

NAVAL AIRMAN HELPED BY MATE'S SUGGESTION

Dear Sirs,—For quite a long time I had been suffering from very severe headaches. A mate of mine suggested 'ASPROS' so whenever I had an attack I took them. After a very short time I was completely free from these headaches.—I remain, Yours sincerely,

R. G. H. (Fleet Air Arm).

WAR WORKER HELPED

Mrs. J. A., of Harrogate, writes:—"'ASPRO' tablets help a lodger I have who is young and on war work and at times finds it hard to keep on but 'ASPROS' tide her over and she wouldn't be without them."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½

If your feet hurt —get CRO-PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 30 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and a speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO-PAX

FOOT AIDS are within the reach of all, from 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists; and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD. Nottingham & London C24

CRO-PAX No. 20c

CORN CAPS Bring instant relief and speedy cure to painful deep-rooted corns. Per Packet 10p. (Inc. P.T.)

STOMACH TROUBLE

QUICKLY RELIEVED BY MOORLANDS

"I never had anything wrong with my digestion until the Air raids came to London. During one bad 'blitz' my stomach was completely upset and I suffered terribly from chronic indigestion and heartburn. Two of your Moorland Tablets soon calmed my stomach and gave me instant relief."

(Signed) L.S., London.

★ *Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/9d. including tax.*

TREASURE YOUR

Hercules CYCLE

KEEP YOUR CYCLE WELL OILED

Oil the chain weekly —put a few drops of oil in the bottom bracket filler cap, weekly.

A cycle to-day is a more valuable possession than ever before. Your cycle is a vital link in the transport system of this country. Don't weaken the link!

Issued by the firm with

THE WORLD'S RECORD CYCLE OUTPUT

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM

62c

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned — what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres — that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Quickest and Safest to

PICK YOU UP

when you feel

On close, muggy days you'll find Phensic a real help to mind and body. Take two tablets next time you feel warm-weather weariness getting you down. Let Phensic refresh you when you've been working hard . . . and remember Phensic will encourage healthy sleep if you take a dose at bedtime.

LANGUID
DULL
TIRED
HEAVY

5½d, 1/4, 3/5 (*including Pur. Tax*)

SIMPLY TAKE 2 TABLETS OF

Phensic

Pronounced "FEN-SIK" DOESN'T HARM HEART

MOTHER'S LITTLE MAGIC PILLS

NO COUPONS

COMPLETELY REPAIRED

ARMY BOOTS

Army or Air Force boots repaired to defy the hardest wear, soled and heeled with first-class leather by expert workmen. Could there be better value at 10/6 and NO COUPONS? Ideal for farm, civil defence, and other outdoor workers, steelworkers, miners, etc., etc.

POSTAGE & PACKING 9d Extra

Act NOW. Postive

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If Not-Satisfied.

Send P.O. for 11/9 and Size No. to

GRAY & ROSS Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)
166, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Fight Flu with FENNINGS FEVER CURER and you'll feel fine

1/3 PER BOTTLE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

WRITE
ALFRED FENNINGS
COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT
for copy of EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR and VERY MOTHERS BOOK—Post free
ESTABLISHED 80 YEARS

Fennings OINTMENT

THE NEW RATION BOOK:

RE-REGISTER

as soon as you can

The new Food Ration Book will take the place of three books — the old Main Book, the Points Book and the Yellow Supplement — on July 26. Millions of this new Book have already been delivered, but it takes some time to deal with 45,000,000 and you needn't worry if yours hasn't come in an early batch — you'll be having it any day now. As soon as you get it you should re-register (for everything except milk), with the shops you chose.

In choosing your shops, take no notice of promises of delivery. Labour, petrol and tyres are very short, and no shopkeeper can guarantee delivery service for long. Do not choose a retailer who is further away than your present one, and help by carrying your goods home.

As soon as you receive your Food Ration Book:

1 Fill in the counterfoils for meat, bacon, butter, cheese, eggs, sugar. These are on pages 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, and are marked A. *Do not take these counterfoils out of the book.* Poultry keepers are asked *not* to register for eggs, but to rely upon their own supplies. Do *not* fill in the spaces marked B unless you intend to deposit the pages with the shops.

2 Now fill in on page 38 the names and addresses of your chosen retailers, including those of your *present* milk supplier — there will be no *new* registration for milk, but remember to enter your date of birth (if under 18) when writing in the name of your milk supplier on page 38. *It will be an offence to use the book if the spaces on page 38 are not filled in.*

3 To re-register, take the book to your shops, going first to the shop at which you will buy most foods. The shopkeeper will take out the counterfoils.

CHEESE BEANS

Time: Preparation 10 minutes. Cooking time, beans 2 hours. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. dried beans (soaked overnight), 2 oz. grated cheese, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls worcester sauce, ½ teaspoonful made-mustard, 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls of parsley and mint chopped together, a good pinch of pepper and salt. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Cook the beans without salt in the water in which they soaked. When the beans are tender, strain and keep two tablespoonfuls of bean water. Add all the other ingredients to this bean water and cook until cheese is melted. Toss the beans in the cheese sauce, put into a hot dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley and mint. Serve with a green vegetable and potatoes boiled in their skins.

To make **BEAN-ROLL**, take ½ lb. of beans, soak, cook and mash, add the other ingredients as above. Shape into a roll and serve with salad and a little home-made mayonnaise or use as a sandwich filling.

Help the retailer and yourself by following the above directions. Please realise he can't do the job for you.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 102

SKIN TROUBLES

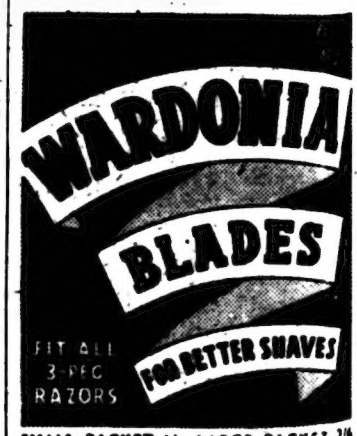
VANISH BEFORE THIS REMEDY

There's a simple, certain way to put an end to any disfiguring skin trouble. Apply a few drops of D.D.D. Prescription to the bad place and see how quickly your skin is cleared. No more ugly spots, pimples or sore places. No more burning irritation from eczema. D.D.D. Prescription sinks deep down into the pores of the skin, kills the germs, and clears away impurities that cause skin trouble. This refreshing, soothing, healing liquid is invaluable in all cases of

ECZEMA, DERMATITIS, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, SPOTS, RASHES, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS

Sold by chemists everywhere, 1/5d. a bottle (Tax inc.)

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION



SMALL PACKET 1/-. LARGE PACKET 2/6 PLUS TAX. ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I.

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